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THE DURRENSTEIN.

THE valley of the Wachau, or rather the whole tract of the Danube, from Rosenberg to where the river falls into the plain of Vienna, is proverbially one of the most fantastic and beautiful of the south of Europe. A succession of all that makes the romance of landscape, perpetually varies before the eye; stupendous crags, deep and sunless defiles, solemn woods, that look as old as the days of Arminius, and whose paths had often heard the trampling and the shouts of the tribes on their march to shake the empires of the world; wailing whirlpools, and the central mighty stream, the father Danube himself, that unites the cross with the crescent, and pours the waters of the German hills to wash the foot of the seraglio.

But this striking country is not yet plagued with the more than Egyptian plague, of being a regular haunt of summer tourists. The honest citizens of Vienna, almost within sight of the valley, are luckily born without the organ of tourism, and have substituted for it the organ of cooking, fiddling, and the patrician love of a Sunday's drive over the pavement of the Leopoldstad, or the plebeian love of a Sunday's walk in the Prater.

The Italian never travels, but for purposes which have more of philosophy than of the passion for sight seeing. He travels for the general good of mankind, for without him, half the dwellings of continental Europe would be buried by the foot of their own chimnies; the fabric of

wooden spoons and plaster images would be lost to mankind; and there would be a mortality among dancing dogs, and fantoccini, from Paris to Petersburg. The Frenchman never travels at all, and will never travel while he can find all the charms of coffee, *écarté*, quadrilling, and courtship, within the walls of one city.

Even the English have scarcely found their way to this fine tract. No circulating library has yet shown its front, placarded with new novels from top to toe. No newspaper establishment contributes scandal to the great, and perplexes the little with politics on the most puzzling scale. No steam-boat throws up its blackening column to disdain the blue of the native sky for many a league behind, and no spruce bugler on the top of the brilliantly varnished and high-flying stage coach, shoots along before the startled eye, at the rate of twenty miles an hour "stoppages included," making the precipices ring to the echoes of "I've been roaming."

All is solitude, loftiness, and sacred silence, broken but by a gush of the waters foaming round some rock, or the cry of the kites and falcons as they sweep over the summits of the wilderness of oaks and pines.

Yet the traveller sometimes makes his way into this scene of stateliness; and twenty years ago, I ranged the region during a whole summer, until the doubt with the peasantry lay between my being a magician, a madman, or an agent of Napoleon, fraught

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with a portfolio full of defiles, bridges, waters, and passes, which were to bring *La Grande Armée* headlong upon their cottages in the next war. But, luckily, the native love of tranquillity prevailed; and as I paid for my provisions with English punctuality, and without Austrian remonstrance at the little tax which they added to their price, as a cure for conscience in thus assisting the enemies of their country; as I made love to no man's female establishment, and shot no great lord's game, I was suffered, at pleasure, to ramble, draw, eat, and pay. Like the great globe itself, I was kept in my position by the "vis inertiae."

But one evening my solitude was pleasantly varied by the sight of some belines straggling along the road below the Castle of Durrenstein. The German postillions had of course lost their way, or pretended that they had lost it, as is the custom, when they know that a tolerable inn lies within half a mile of them, and feel more disposed to enjoy themselves there than "be borrowers of the night" for ten miles further.

I hailed the travellers, and found that they were a party of *attachés* to the foreign ministers at Vienna, who, finding the world at peace, the capital hot as an oven, and the dinner and dancing season at an end, had come to kill the month of indolence among the wonders of the Danube. My services were accepted, first as a guide to their lordships, and next, as a *cicerone* to themselves. I showed them the famous "rose-garden" of Schreckenwold, a name whose very sound is descriptive of its ruthless bearer, to any who can pronounce it and live. I pointed out the precise *locale* of the iron door, where this mountain chief thrust his unlucky victims over the precipice, and where those who had not their necks broken at once, were sure to die of famine. And, after startling my makers of manifestos with the atrocity of a robber who destroy-

ed mankind by one at a time, I relieved their humanity by showing the hole, at the foot of the rock, by which the knight had escaped from this living grave, who was to overthrow the power of the robber, and hurl Schreckenwold among the roses of his own garden.

With equal applause I showed them the hollow in the river side, where Rudiger, the merchant, entrapped the formidable brothers Hadmar the Kuenringer, and Heinrich van Weitra, both surnamed by the terrified peasantry, "the Hounds," and related to them the legend of these two brothers.

My hearers politely professed themselves charmed with the poetic justice of the story; and I should have probably proceeded to reap additional applause, and vindicate the dexterity of imperial robber-catchers on a larger scale, but for one of the customary incidents of mountain excursions—the settling of a mass of heavy clouds on the pinnacles above our heads. The sun sank sullenly under this purple veil. Murmurings were heard through the forest, with which mortals had nothing to do. Fires were seen glittering behind the solid shade of precipices, where never gipsy ventured to light them. The horses gave sensible signs of an inclination to find their way to the first stable; and the yawning postillions swore in twenty forms of imprecation against the crime of suffering themselves and their beasts to stay out sight-seeing, when all that could be got in exchange for supper and shelter was as thorough a wetting as ever drenched ambassadorial livery. We took their advice, seconded as it was by the gusty howlings of the forest, and the deeper volumes of vapor that now began to stoop from the pinnacles to the ravine. A dash of rain, the *avant-coureur* of a deluge, put us all in motion; and I had the honor of being appointed guide to the little Wirthshaus,* where I had pitched my tent

* Alehouse.

for the last week, and which its portly and pence-loving landlord, Herr Michael Squeezegelt, would have felt it as an affront of the blackest dye to hear called by a less title than Gas-thaus.*

I invited my new visitors to make merry, ordered the best supper that our bustling and overwhelmed cook could give us on so brief a notice; produced some capital claret, a traveling companion, whose society I had often found indispensable to console me for the *désagrémens* of all other; and by the help of a large stowage of faggots on the hearth, and a bundle of wax tapers, which I fear had been consecrated at the shrine of "Maria Tapferl," the most famous sanctuary of this part of Austria, but now, in defiance of piety and pilgrimage, lighted for our profane supper-table, I contrived to make up a party as much disposed to be happy as if they were sitting round the gold plate, and under the silver chandeliers of his Serenity the Prince Lichtenstein.

The postillions had been perfectly in the right. The storm came on in full force before we had sent round the first bottle. Thunderclaps, bursts of rain, roarings of wind, and sheets of lightning, that made us all look blue, first followed each other with the rapidity of musket firing, then came all together, and at last, as they say of the compass in storms at sea, the land storm fairly stopped the rotation of the bottle. We left the feast upon the table, and crowded to the little casements to see the performance of the angry elements on so suitable a stage. Nothing could be finer or fiercer. The grim features of the mountains, under the changes of the light and the vapors, took the hue and aspect of every thing marvellous, and would have made the fortune of a new Goethe, or a new Retzsh. All the witcheries of the playmate hags of the Hartz, were peaceable and legitimate occupations to the furious fantasies that nature here disported before

our wondering eyes. The hills seemed nervously alive: the torrents danced and sprang about in the most direct contradiction to the laws of gravity; the forest tossed, groaned, and flamed, as if the days of old necromancy were come again, and every tree contained its tortured spirit. All was fire, hail, water, and uproar.

But the rock of Durrenstein, with its ruined fortress on its summit, a fitting crown for this monarch of the realm of ravines, still held its superiority over the less renowned victims of the storm. It stood in the centre of the conflict, and, alternately lost and seen as the sea of cloud rolled by, looked like some mighty ship of a hundred thousand tons, some huge leviathan of war, plunging and rising, battling with and baffling an ocean of mad billows. With the shifting of the clouds came perpetual changes, and every gazer had his favorite comparison. But at last all agreed in one; and every voice almost at the same moment cried out "the sorcerer." The tempest had lulled for a moment, and suffered the vapors to gather in a heavy white fleece round the summit of the hill; below this rolling turban the rocks were bare, and broken into the most striking resemblance of the withered and darkened visage that, from time immemorial, we attribute to the dealers in forbidden arts. While we looked, the costume was completed by a gush of waters which had forced its way through a hollow of the rock, and covered the magician's chin and front with a most venerable and sweeping beard of foam a hundred and fifty feet long.

The sight was curious enough to be worth some record. I had seated myself at the table, and taken out my crayon to sketch the outline, when a general cry from the window brought me back. I saw, to my astonishment, standing in the orifice, which we had established as the sorcerer's mouth, a figure which visibly moved—but whether man, bear or fiend, none could

* Hotel.

ascertain. It lingered for awhile on this tremendous spot, apparently quite at its ease, in a tumult, which would have startled Æolus himself. The night was falling fast, and we began to fear that we should lose sight of the phenomenon before we had determined its species. But, as if it heard our wishes, it came forward, and stood gazing from the edge of the precipice at the play of the torrent, as it tumbled down the magician's black bosom. The spot would have turned the head of a chamois; yet there stood this imperturbable being like a piece of the rock itself. The adventurer now occupied us all; and to ascertain what he was, became the grand business of life for the next half hour. A German, once *attaché* to the Austrian embassy in London, offered to settle the point *à-la-mode Anglaise*, by a bet of six to four, that it was any thing that any body else thought it was not, and *vice versa*. An old Italian envoy offered to make the discovery, by cutting the cards in the infallible way by which the Neapolitan ladies settle their affairs with destiny for the day, and are secure, from sunrise to sunset, against earthquakes, losses at play, the sickness of lapdogs, and the faithlessness of *cavaliere serventi*. A French colonel, who wore the *croix* of St. Louis, and the legion of honor, in amicable conjunction, at his button hole, proposed to settle the doubt by a long shot from his Tyrolese rifle; arguing, that "as it was utterly impossible that any man but a lunatic could venture to such a spot, no harm could be done by bringing him down, whom, if he escaped, it was so much gained, and if an end was put to him, it was but one madman the less in a world where there were so many besides. If it was a bear, we should have a couple of capital hams to add to our stock, in a place where another day's confinement would see us starved, unless we should eat the fat landlord. And if a demon, our firing at it might be a merit in another place, and wipe out a thousand years of purgatory."

The brilliant Frenchman had heated himself into so strong a conviction of the reasonableness of his proposal, that in scorn of our doubts, whether firing even at a ghost might not be punishable by law in a country so strict in the preservation of its game as Austria, he was hammering his flint for action, when the figure made a sudden bound from the edge of the gulph, disappeared, was seen again standing on a lower shelf of the precipice, again darted down the torrent, re-appeared from the side of the ravine, and, rushing across the road, knocked furiously at our door, dripping like a water-god.

A little altercation heard without between him and the landlord, who probably thought that he was not likely to benefit much by such an arrival, or that his house already contained unmanageable guests enough, induced my interference in favor of the laws of hospitality. I went to the door, and with many an ominous frown of Herr Michael, invited the stranger to take shelter for the hour. He was all polite reluctance, but the storm allowed of no medium, and he, at last, followed me into the presence of my fellow naturalists. As he entered, bowing on all sides, and with the language of a man of the world, I saw the French sharpshooter blush, at least as much as a Frenchman ever does, quietly deposit the rifle in a corner, and give that curiously-expressive glance round the circle, which tells how close one has run to the edge of some blunder of the first magnitude.

But we kept his secret with honor; and a fresh bottle, a new bundle of faggots, and the loan of my surtout, soon made the circle and its new addition the gayest of the gay. We found this scaler of mountains and swimmer of torrents altogether a very striking personage, speaking the several languages of our miscellaneous company with native ease; evidently familiar with Europe and with a considerable extent of Asia, and giving now and then a piquant anecdote of the great, which made our diploma-

tists raise their eyebrows in wonder at discoveries which they had treasured in their own bosoms as the "immediate jewels of their souls."

The hour flew, and the stranger was the first to remark that the storm had subsided. But to suffer him to take his leave for the night was out of the question. He at length consented, though with considerable difficulty, to remain. The Frenchman, who probably thought himself bound to make atonement for the favor which he had intended him, insisted on surrendering his bed, his wardrobe, or his bodily existence, for the benefit of his "bosom friend." While we were enjoying our cups, and enchanted into a round of pleasantries, which brought out every man, and promised to keep us from our beds till daybreak, I heard a heavy foot occasionally pass the door. Whatever might be our dialogue, there was no necessity for its being overheard; and I at length went out to put an end to the investigation. I found the landlord alone, in his nightcap and slippers, and seldom looked the Herr Michael less in good humor with the world.—"Twelve o'clock, Sir," he grumbled; "full time for all honest men to be in their beds."

I told him that there was nothing to prevent his honesty from its full indulgence in slumber, and that I would be responsible for the security of every iron spoon and wooden trencher under his roof.

The Herr's urbanity was not his most conspicuous virtue at any time. But I believe that he had due reliance on one who had so long resisted the temptations of his table equipage; and with some rough attempt at a bow, he set me at my ease on the point of honor, and said, that his only objection to our sitting up for the next twelve hours, or years, was the presumptuous nature of the thing. "This is an awful night, Sir," said he; "such storms seldom come for good. This is the 29th of September: St. Michael's night, my patron saint; and, heaven preserve us! the

night of the Red Woman of Durrenstein."

A burst of thunder, that tore the ear and shook the strong building round us, gave such authentic evidence to the Herr's opinions, that I could extract nothing more from him on the sacred subject; but, shrinking and startled, he left me, as he said, to examine what new damage had been done by the witch's annual visit, and implored me once more to get my noisy companions to bed as soon as possible.

But the landlord's beer-loving soul had never known the courage of Chateau Margot; and on my communicating his fears, my only answer was a general burst of laughter, and a pledge to see the adventure out, to defy St. Michael and his storms, and to receive the witch-queen of the mountain with bumpers, if she should honor us with a visit.

I had heard of her before, and the conversation turning upon the extraordinary propensity of the peasantry in all countries to add to the natural troubles of their station by imaginary evils, I gave such details as occurred to me of the "Red Woman of Durrenstein." The stranger followed, but if his knowledge on other topics was striking, here it was unbounded. He poured out a ready heap of curious anecdote and incident of the mountain superstitions; some nearly monstrous of course, but some picturesque, and which would have been a treasure to the painter; and even some so like what we deem a power above nature, yet within reality, a so subtle entwining of things that perplexed belief with facts easily comprehensible, and of no unusual occurrence, that we all listened with an interest which we probably should not have been ashamed to acknowledge in our most composed hours. But now, with the thunder rattling over the roof, St. Michael's night, the "bell then beating one," and the very palace of the she-sorcerer showing from our windows its wild battlements edged with perpetual lightnings, and,

it must not be forgotten, with a dozen of excellent claret already discussed, we gave the homage of our ears to the man of legend, as if he was Simon Magus himself.

"Yet, after all," said he, with a smile round the listening circle, as he closed a story whose strange mixture of oddity and horror had fixed us in silent attention; "what is this passion for being vexed and made hypochondriac by fancy, but an additional proof of the original foolery of man? the only fool, by the by, that creation exhibits. Every other animal has the due quantum of understanding. The bustard that betrays itself by its booming, the ostrich that leaves its eggs in the sand; all that we are in the habit of charging with want of brains, have a sufficient object in their contrivances: even the ass is libelled. He knows what he is about infinitely better than hundreds of his riders, and if his natural taste be for thistles, and his back be made for blows and burthens, he has a much better claim to respect than many a showy personage, who for the glories of a ribbon or a place, is content to swallow the thistle and bear the blow and the burthen, without the excuse of nature."

This was plain speaking among so many chevaliers, with so many stars and crosses. But boldness, when it is seconded by truth, goes far; and we were too much in good-humor with ourselves to think of examining the point for the present. "But do you actually believe in those preternatural influences?" said the Frenchman, turning to some remark of mine.

"I feel like Plato," was my reply; "the more I think on such subjects, the less I am able to come to a decision."

"For my part," said the German, palpably a student of the Helvetius school, "what I cannot see, I cannot believe."

"Strange," interrupted the Italian. "How then can you answer the innumerable evidences of interposition among us; you, who have seen the winkings of the Madonna's eyes, the

tears running down St. Catherine's cheeks, and the moving of the Magdalen's bosom."

"Those affairs make an exception to my maxim," replied the German, "for those I have seen, and cannot believe."

"But now for your opinion," said I to the stranger.

"Why, then, if you will have it out, I side with the gentleman who has made the eye the judge. We have not got those faculties for the purpose of being led into absurdity by them. I do not believe that there is a word of truth in any legend of witchery, red, blue, or green, from Bohemia to Lapland.—But, ha! look there."—

A broad blue stripe of flame darted through the crevice of the shutter, and rested on the opposite wall, throwing our candles into eclipse by its strong brilliancy, and what struck us as more singular still, giving a kind of motion to the figures of the fair dames and gallant knights that had, hitherto, lurked in the general dinginess of the court of the Emperor Charlemagne, on black paper, apparently as old as its theme.

The stranger was delighted with the sight, which he protested was worth living even in a German Wirthshaus for a twelvemonth to see. And, certainly, when the first surprise allowed us to look *en philosophe*, at the phenomenon, nothing could be more attractive. It seemed a phantasmagoria of the most vivid kind, not the puzzled and misty light that makes our magic-lantern figures as hard to be traced as a hieroglyphic; but an intense and steady splendor, that actually rekindled the faded gilding and perished purple velvet of monarchs, plumed chevaliers, and dames of pride, beauty, and distended petticoats, glowing from hip to heel with every flower of the parterre, an embroidered paradise.

I glanced into the open air to ascertain from what meteor, or accidental firing of the woods, the light was produced. But, except an occasional

flash of the exhausted and thinning cloud, darkness had resumed her "leadens sceptre o'er the drowsy world." The storm had been fairly tired out, and the grim coronal of Durrenstein was distinguishable only by the phosphoric glimmer of the torrent still tumbling down the front of the mountain.

I was suddenly recalled from my view by a general exclamation. Across the ceiling, which had hitherto looked as black as its pitch-pine rafters could have made it, the procession of knights and dames was again glittering, and in the rear of the procession moved a shape that we all with one voice pronounced to be the Red Woman of Durrenstein herself, or something worse, if our gallantry would allow us to conceive it invested in the female garb. The shape was covered from head to foot with a cloak of the most powerfully sanguine color; but under the hood looked out a face, which, whether it was fact, or the heated fancy of gentlemen loving their wine "not wisely but to well," contained all the ingredients of hazard to hearts and heads. It was excessively lovely, but with a pair of wild, and deep eyes, that gleamed like the very seats of unhappy mystery. She came glittering in prismatic beauty from the darkness, like the kings and magicians of Rembrandt, and grew upon us until the eye absolutely shrunk from her concentrated lustre.

The German exclaimed, that "Frauenhoffer himself would be puzzled to make such a magic lantern: he would lay ten to one on the point with any man."

The Italian said, that he "had seen nothing so bright since the last eruption of Vesuvius, nor so beautiful since the last illumination of St. Peters."

The Frenchman was unnaturally silent, and sat, with his eyes alternately turned on the vision and the stranger, who had leaned his head on the table, and who, but for a broken word now and then, I should have supposed to be asleep, in quiet contempt of our phantom.

But be it what it might, I found that it had made us all grave, and I proposed calling in the landlord, if he should be still out of bed, to tell us what he knew of the matter. The little hall was dark as the night itself, and while I was feeling my way, awkwardly enough, along the walls, my foot struck against a heavy human incumbrance towards the end of the passage, which a groan and a few exclamations of alarm told me was the valorous Herr Michael. I raised him up, and convincing him, with some difficulty, that I was not among the spectral visitors of his sins of inn-keeping, I rather carried than led him in to our festal room, which, however, had now become as silent as any sepulchre in the Abbey of Molk. The Herr was a most reluctant witness, and nothing but the most persevering cross examination could extort an idea from his intense solidity of skull.

He was evidently afraid of the disastrous reputation of keeping a ghostly house, which would have prohibited for ever the sale of the very considerable quantity of damaged Bavarian beer, that, mixed with Vienna brandy, made his staple. Not a peasant would have been guilty of the immorality of getting drunk under the roof of a landlord who had dealings with ghosts; and the result to the Herr Michael would, as he pathetically observed, "be worse than purgatory, inasmuch as masses, though they may take a man out of future fire, were never yet able to take him out of jail." At length he acknowledged that sights of the kind which had perplexed us, had made his life miserable every year since he had taken this "gasthaus;" that an anniversary storm, enough to tear the skies down, had attended certain sounds and appearances, of which he dreaded to speak, and of which, indeed, he knew "little more than that they generally made him incapable of examining at the time, or wishing to examine them at any time after, as long as he lived."

The spectre upon the ceiling had vanished into a faint gleam that bare-

ly showed the outline. But no persuasion could induce the shuddering landlord to presume so much as to survey even this diminished majesty of terror. He stood leaning his huge bulk on his hands, his hands on the table, and his eyes invincibly shut. Farther inquiry was useless with a boor half dead with fright; and we unanimously voted his dismissal, which he accepted with great gratitude, imploring, in the humblest terms, that the subject of the night "should never be mentioned, as it could be mentioned only to his undoing."

As he was blindly turning away, piloting himself by his hands, he rather abruptly touched the stranger, who started on his feet with an angry interjection, and gazed round for the offender. But whatever might be his surprise, it could not have been superior to ours. Never did I see such a change in the human countenance in so short a period. Ten minutes before, when he laid his head on the table, he was one of the handsomest men that I had seen in Germany; in the vigor of life, with a peculiarly bright eye, a high-colored cheek, every feature full of health; the whole physiognomy like that of a gallant and animated soldier, bronzed by campaigning. Yet, but for his sitting in the same seat, I could not possibly have known the man who now sent his ghastly glare upon us. His fine Italian eyes were hollow and dim; his color was leaden; his cheek hollow and wrinkled; and when, in answer to the general inquiry, "whether he was ill?" which might have naturally occurred from his drenching in the torrent, he attempted to make some acknowledgment, the tremor and almost idiotic difficulty of his utterance were painful to the ear. Fifty years had passed over him in these fifteen minutes.

He tried to laugh off his embarrassment; but it would not do. His laugh was even more painful than his speech; and, after an effort equally violent and abortive to recover his ground, he sank back on his seat, and

burst into tears. We now altogether decided on what must have been the cause of his illness, and entreated him to go to rest, or at least lie down on our cloaks before the fire. But he resisted our nursing with almost passionate obstinacy, contended that he never was better in his life, sang a popular *chanson* to prove his undiminished gaiety, and, after this display, in a voice quivering and dissonant with weakness, he began to tell his stories of the court with laborious vivacity. But the charm was at an end; and though I, as the entertainer, kept my seat, my guests gave palpable symptoms of a wish to consult their pillows.

But the German, who led the way in those natural though ungracious signs of weariness, which have cut short the periods of many an orator, had scarcely accomplished his profoundest yawn, when our invalid, starting from his chair, begged that he might be permitted to caution "that gentleman, or any of us, who should be imprudent enough to think of sleeping before day, against the hazards of that night of 'all nights in the year.'"

Here was something for our curiosity, and we waited for the disclosure with undissembled impatience.

"You saw me, Sir, I believe," addressing himself to me, as the host, "under rather singular circumstances this evening, of which you can probably give a much better account than I can, for the whole passed before me rather like a dream than any thing else. I am in the military service of the King of Bavaria; and, during the summer furlough of my regiment, of which I am colonel, finding the heat of the lower country oppressive, I have been a great deal in the habit of shooting among the mountains. Last year, a little later in the season, I happened to be in this neighborhood, which I found in great confusion, in consequence of some strange appearances, on this 29th of September, which were followed by not less strange results upon a hunting party of nobles, who had treated the popu-

lar belief on the subject with a too ostentatious contempt. Insanity was, in some instances, the unquestionable result. In others, a succession of eccentric notions of having lost valuable property, of having seen extraordinary displays of juggling, of having drank some medicated liquors, which long bewildered them—and so forth. In short, the peasantry were, as usual, full of histories of the preternatural vengeance taken on the scorners, and fuller than ever of the marvellous power of the Red Woman of Durrenstein.

“Hating superstition of all kinds, I was wise enough to attempt bringing the peasantry to reason; but as argument was soon hopeless, I pledged myself to be upon the spot of enchantment, the very centre of the witch’s kingdom, on the next 29th day of September, and there in person to show the absurdity of the whole story.

“I have now been in the mountains a week; the peasantry had general notice of my determination to outface the Lady of the Rock. Many an entreaty was made to me to relinquish the unhallowed hazard, and many a prayer followed me, when, in the sight of the population of a dozen villages, I set out this morning. The true time to reach the Durrenstein is midnight; but the storm drove me out of my covert to find shelter where best I could. Turning the base of the hill, I saw this wirthhaus; but the difficulties between rendered all hope of reaching it totally idle. I sat down under a projection of the rock, to linger until the storm should be past. While I was amusing the time by sketching the veins in a remarkably fine slab of colored marble, out of the solid rock moved a figure. I know how severe a tax this must lay on belief; but I can only tell what I saw. There stood before me, as clearly and fully defined—in fact, as substantial as the figure of any gentleman round this table—that personage which, whether from heaven above, or from earth below, was the one

that I had promised to meet and hold at defiance. How I felt at the moment, I have no power to explain. I hope that, on all suitable occasions, I should not want nerve; but the sensation was less like any thing that I could call alarm, than a feeling of complete helplessness. In the perfect possession of my senses and my understanding, I yet found that the physical powers were extinguished—perfectly paralyzed; as if flesh and blood were not made to abide the presence of such a being. I sat gazing on her as she advanced. I could not have spoken, nor moved a muscle, for the crown of Austria. Her words were brief, and in a tone of singular mildness, yet which penetrated me like a cold weapon. She reproved me for the haughty presumption which had doubted of her power, and declared, as a sign of her displeasure, that, when next I saw her, I should know that she was come for vengeance.”

“She vanished even while my eyes were fixed on her—the solid wall of rock received her, and she was gone. What was scarcely less surprising to me, was the sudden recovery of my limbs. Their past feebleness seemed to be made up for by supernatural strength: at all events, whether in the strength of frenzy or terror, I darted from the cavern, sprang the precipice, and swam the torrent—to any one of which no bribe of earth could have tempted me half an hour before. I here found the hospitality to which I acknowledge myself so deeply indebted; and I began to hope that the vision had been merely one of those fantasies that play on the mind, exhausted by the considerable fatigue that I had undergone since morning, and shaping the absurdities of superstition into reality.

“But the glare upon the wall of this chamber, seconded by a certain indescribable sensation as if danger were near—such a sensation as a blind man may experience who knows that he is treading on the edge of a gulph, without knowing on which side of him it lies—told me that the time of the

visitation was come. The figure that passed over the ceiling decided the question. It was, in every feature, the one that I had seen come forth from the solid block of marble, which opened and closed, as if it had been a curtain shaken by the wind."—— He paused, and his wandering eye seemed involuntarily searching for the phenomenon. Then, with an effort to smile, he resumed :—

"If I have exhibited any perturbation, I trust that it was not unmanly, nor beyond the natural embarrassment of finding one's-self in so peculiar a position. You will forgive me, I know, for my talking no more on this painful subject. I perhaps have already said more than I ought, when the very presence of this extraordinary being may be visible the next moment."

His voice sank, and he sat in an attitude of the deepest dejection ; his countenance grew yet more depressed than when it first shocked us, and I insisted on his trying to rest. We actually feared for the life of this interesting and unfortunate man, whether the victim of his own heated fancy, of fever, or of fact, still alike unfortunate and in danger.

As I assisted him to the door, he turned, and said, almost in a tone of despair, "If you should find me by to-morrow, gentlemen, under the circumstances to which I have alluded, deprived of my faculties, or even beyond all the sufferings that can depress the human heart, do me the justice to believe that I deeply thank you for your forbearance with my strange malady ; and do me the farther justice to believe that I sell a victim to a desire of doing public service.—To you, Sir," said he to me, "I leave the painful but friendly task of acquainting my relatives in Bavaria with the event, though I wish that as few particulars of this unhappy night may be given as possible. Would that I had died as a soldier, in the service of my good and gallant king, and of my loved and honored country !"

We all listened with profound deference, and promised.

At the door, a sudden thought flashed across him, and he stopped again.—"Gentlemen," said he, "there is one thing that, in my confusion, I had forgot. I heard among the peasantry, that the only hope of escaping the wrath of this fatal being was remaining sleepless, at least until day-break. I leave you now only because I feel myself unfit for society : but I shall try to resist sleep, unless that too be a part of the infliction. May I make it a solemn request, perhaps a dying one, that you will remain together till morning, or, if you should go to your chambers, that you will not suffer yourselves to be overtaken by sleep."

He waved his hand with a graceful and sad farewell, and, led by me, tottered to the lowly recess, which was all the receptacle that the wirthshaus afforded on occasions of superfluous tenantry. Grave discussion of the whole story was occupying my guests when I returned. In the spirit of master of the board, I proposed a round of toasts to the better health of the Bavarian : the proposal was honored, but we were not the merrier. At last the German, with a yawn deep as the North Sea, declared that he must go to bed, though fifty witches were waiting to carry him on their broomsticks over every hill in the empire. I combated the motion ; but sleep was in my eyes, contradicting my eloquence ; and my resistance only inspirited the Italian to let out a little of his secret soul, and scorn alike the wonders of earth, air, and friars. The Frenchman was asleep during the last half-hour, but, on being roused by the bitter sneer of the Italian, declared that the witch had very handsome eyes, the better in his estimation for being *un peu malins* ; and that a visit would be quite an adventure after his own heart. The hint of danger, in fact, made it an obligation on us to take our chance. The question was put and carried by a general yawn ; our last laugh was given to the non-

sense of being kept out of our beds by the whims of an unlucky Bavarian, shaking in mind and body with the ague; the simple sight of our beds was a resistless spell; and, to judge by the universal snore that echoed from cell to cell in the first five minutes, my whole company were of the most ghost-defying description.

But the snore began to sound more distant in my ears. I was anxious to keep awake, if for no other reason than to assist the invalid during the night. But nature said otherwise. I tossed and turned—walked about my chamber—broke my shins against bed-posts, chairs, and the crazy table—sat down to think what I should do next to rub the poppies from my sensorium—and, in the act of discovering an infallible contrivance for keeping awake for ever, dropped back on my pillow, and was, as the bards of the almanacks say, instantly lulled in the feathery arms of Morpheus.

My sleep was, like that of every man who finishes his day in the jovial style of mine, crowded with dreams, and every dream was, of course, a new version of the tale of the day. The Red Woman was flying about me, over me, with me, frowning, howling, fixing her flame-colored fangs in my throat, and drying up my circulation with her intense eyes. At last the struggle broke my sleep. The Red Woman herself was standing before me!—I never remember to have been so thoroughly overpowered—I could not breathe.—My pulses were dead; my limbs were stiffened into stone. The sight had paralyzed me as it had the unfortunate colonel. The phantom stalked slowly through the chamber. I saw her lay her hand on the table, which returned a pale gleam. She approached the pillow, and leaned over me. I was looking full at her. She started back; waved her hand in solemn adjuration; and with a low and ominous moan walked through the stone wall.

Whether I continued awake after this, or fell into a doze, I cannot tell to this day. But I still could not

have stirred, from the singular dizziness of my brain, and the feebleness of my limbs. At length a confused sound, and a broad burst of light completely roused me. I thought that the catastrophe was come, whether it was to be insanity or extinction; and bracing up my lost fortitude, determined, if I must perish, to leave behind no ground for suspicion that I had perished like a craven. On throwing open my shutters, I was rejoiced to find that the glare was from the sun, then not far from his "meridian tour." The sounds were still to be accounted for, and they grew more unaccountable every instant, a chaos of exclamations, rage, imprecations, and laughter.—I heard tables rolled about, chairs dashed against the wall, the old windows crashing in all quarters. I was beginning to doubt whether the witch's vengeance had not already fallen on the sleepers, or whether the frenzy was my own. I at length opened my door—the passage was full of broken furniture, in the midst of which stood the Italian in violent fits of laughter. The German was forcing his heavy frame across a bar that held one-half of his door fast, the other half he had contrived to tear down. The Frenchman was still barred in his dungeon, which he was belaboring on all sides with a poker; and venting his fury in screams, roars, and imprecations, on the hand that had thus encroached on his natural liberty.

The Italian's laughter was contagious, and I joined him by the strength of sympathy, to the increased displeasure, as I was sorry to see, of the honest German, who grumbled something about "a couple of fools." But as I appeared to pay more attention to the remark than under the circumstances it perhaps deserved, my bulky friend recovered his temper, and with the face of a Diogenes, in jest, asked me "What o'clock it was?" I felt for my repeater.—It was gone.—"I must have left it in my chamber."—It was not there. My repeater was not the only absentee.—My purse, my pistols,

my valise, my boots, my whole wardrobe, were gone along with it.

Every man of the party was in the same condition. The accident of sleeping in our clothes alone prevented us from being stark naked. I roared for the landlord. He was "deaf or dead," no answer came. I darted down stairs, every door was bolted and barred as firmly as if it were midnight. I thought of my invalid—he too was "deaf or dead" when I knocked. On second thoughts I kicked the door open.—The bird was flown.—The Red Woman had robbed us all.—There was not a florin, a brooch, a ring, a snuff-box, or a second shirt in our whole *coterie*.—The spoliation had been managed with matchless dexterity.—We might be thankful that it had pleased the Red Woman to let us keep our skins.

To make the *dénouement* more palatable, the story spread over the neighborhood with a rapidity worthy of the Red Woman herself, and while we were considering how we should exist for the day, crowds came pouring about the house, and honoring each of us that appeared at the window with roars of merriment. As the tale spread, the neighboring nobles came in to enjoy their share of the amusement, and in our dismantled condition we were thus compelled to run the gauntlet of laughing condolence and burlesque compliment on our sagacity, from fair ladies and magnificent lords, who had seen us flourishing away among the circles of Vienna.

A year after, as I was on a mission to inspect the fortresses along our Rhenish boundary, I was struck with a familiar face among the prisoners working at Ehrenbreitstein. The fellow turned away; but I had marked my man, and on the bell's tolling for the close of their work, I accosted my old acquaintance, the Herr Michael Squeezegelt.

He had one surviving virtue, candor in great abundance, and when I had satisfied him that his story should not diminish his rations nor increase his chains, he was willing to let me have

every secret of his soul. I, however, confined my curiosity to the "Red Woman," and her victim.

"That fellow," said the Herr, "was the cause of my ruin. He and I became acquainted in the course of the war, in which he had deserted from the Archduke's army the night before he was to be hanged as a French spy, and deserted from Napoleon's army the night before he was to be hanged as an Austrian one. He was a clever knave, however, and as trade was low at the Gasthaus, I found him now and then useful to bring it up by a little smuggling, a little gambling, and, I am afraid, by a little tax-gathering among the gentlemen who came to see the beauties of the country."

"But the Red Woman, the lights, the procession on the walls and ceiling—what were these? juggling?"

"My comrade had been twenty things after his escape from the gallows, for it is hard, in these times, for a man with but one trade to live. Among his talents was firework-making, and he could do what he pleased with figures and lights of all kinds. His equal never sent up a rocket from the Prater. I had overheard you, some days before, asking questions about the Durrenstein and the odd lights that every ploughman in Lower Austria is ready to swear to. I had laid a little plan to raise a trifle on you myself out of the story. But the coming of the whole party in the storm, made me give up my own idea for Signior Ignatio Trombone's, which was to take in the entire company. His appearances and disappearances on the mountain, his sudden illness, for which he painted his face as it was lying on the table, and a couple of bottles of my best prepared claret put in the place of yours, when the palate could not have distinguished brandy from beer, put you all in the proper state. His recommendation that no one who was afraid should go to bed, would, he knew, only make gentlemen, particularly when heated by wine, the surer to defy the consequences; and, at all events, he knew that his opium would do its business. The signior played

the Red Woman in person, and startled as he was by finding you broad awake, he contrived to go through the affair in a tolerably complete style."

The fellow could not help laughing at the feat, and I own that I could not help joining him.

"But you ran away and left your trade to shift for itself?" said I.

"It had done that long before," was the answer. "I was on the point of running away the week you came to the house, but you paid handsomely, and I waited for something to turn up worth making a grand exit. The plunder of the company on St. Michael's night, was a grand prize in the lottery, and with it the signior and I took our leave of the Durrenstein."

"But where is the signior now?"

"He robbed me as we were passing the frontier. I swore I would give him up to justice. He knew that I was a man to make my words good, and, accordingly, he lost no time, but brought a pair of police officers to my bed-side; I saw him receive the reward for my caption, and walk off free as air, while I was sent to dig in these ditches. The last I heard of the signior was, that he had set up a *rouge et noir* table, a coach, and an opera box in Paris; though which of us will be hanged first, not even the Red Woman would be able to tell. But here comes the guard—and now for clean straw, horse-bean soup, and duck-weed water."

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

Yes, radiant spirit, thou hast pass'd
Unto thy latest home,
And o'er our widow'd hearts is cast
A deep and with'ring gloom!
For when on earth thou wert as bright
As angel form might be:
And mem'ry shall exist in night,
If we think not of thee.

For, oh, thy beauty o'er us came
Like a fair sunset beam,
And the sweet music of thy name
Was pure as aught might deem.
With silent lips we gaz'd on thee,
And awe-suspended breath—
But thine entrancing witchery
Abideth not in death.

And all that we supposed most fair
Is but a mockery now:
No beam illumines the silken hair
That traced thy smiling brow.
The cheerless dust upon thee lies,
Death's seal is on thee set,
But the bright spirit of thine eyes
Shines o'er our mem'ry yet!

As in some dark and hidden shell
Lies ocean's richest gem,
So in our hearts shall ever dwell
The spells thou'st breath'd in them!
Why should we weep o'er the young flow'rs
That cluster on thy sod?
Stars like them glow in heav'n's bright bow'rs
To light thee up to God!

EMILIUS GODFREY.

IN our boyhood we had a friend from whom "we had received his heart, and given him back our own,"—such a friendship as the most fortunate and the most happy—and at that time we were both—are sometimes permitted by Providence, with all the passionate devotion of young and untamed imagination, to enjoy, during a bright dreamy world of which that friendship is as the Polar star. Emilius Godfrey! for ever holy be the name! a boy when we were but a child—when we were but a youth, a man. We felt

stronger in the shadow of his arm—happier, bolder, better in the light of his countenance. He was the protector—the guardian of our moral being. In our pastimes we bounded with wilder glee,—at our studies we sat with intenser earnestness, by his side. He it was that taught us how to feel all those glorious sunsets, and embued our young spirit with the love and worship of nature. He it was that taught us to feel that our evening prayer was no idle ceremony to be hastily gone through, that we might

lay down our head on the pillow, then ever drenched in sleep—but a command of God, which a response from nature summoned the humble heart to obey. He it was who for ever had at command wit for the sportive, wisdom for the serious hour. Fun and frolic flowed from the merry music of his lips—they lightened from the gay glancings of his eyes—and then, all at once, when the one changed its measures, and the other gathered as it were a mist or a cloud, an answering sympathy chained our own tongue, and darkened our own countenance, in a communion of spirit felt to be indeed divine! It seemed as if we knew but the words of language—that he was a scholar who saw into their very essence. The books we read together were, every page, and every sentence of every page, all covered over with light. Where his eye fell not as we read, all was dim, or dark, unintelligible or with imperfect meanings. Whether we perused with him a volume writ by a nature like our own, the volume of the earth and the sky, or the volume revealed from Heaven, next day we always knew and felt that something had been added to our being. Thus imperceptibly we grew up in our intellectual stature, breathing a purer moral and religious air, with all our finer affections towards other human beings, all our kindred and our kind, touched with a dearer domestic tenderness, or with a sweet benevolence that seemed to our ardent fancy to embrace the dwellers in the uttermost regions of the earth. No secret of pleasure or pain—of joy or grief—of fear or hope—had our heart to withhold or conceal from Emilius Godfrey. He saw it as it beat within our bosom, with all its imperfections—may we venture to say with all its virtues. A repented folly—a confessed fault—a sin for which we were truly contrite—a vice flung from us with loathing and with shame—in such moods as these, happier were we to see his serious and his solemn smile, than when in mirth and merriment we sat by his side in the social hour on a

knoll in the open sunshine, and the whole school were in ecstasies to hear tales and stories from his genius, even like a flock of birds chirping in their joy all newly alighted in a vernal land. In spite of that difference in our years—or oh! say rather because that dear difference did touch the one heart with tenderness, and the other with reverence, how often did we two wander, like elder and younger brother, in the sunlight and the moonlight solitudes! Woods—into whose inmost recesses we should have quaked alone to penetrate, in his company were glad as gardens, through their most awful umbrage; and there was beauty in the shadows of the old oaks. Cata-racts—in whose lonesome thunder, as it pealed into those pitchy pools, we durst not by ourselves have faced the spray—in his presence, diinn'd with a merry music in the desert, and cheerful was the thin mist they cast sparkling up into the air. Too severe for our unaccompanied spirit, then easily overcome with awe, was the solitude of those remote inland lochs. But as we walked with him along the winding shores, how passing sweet the calm of both blue depths—how magnificent the white-crested waves tumbling beneath the black thunder-cloud! More beautiful, because our eyes gazed on it together, at the beginning or the ending of some sudden storm, to us the Apparition of the Rainbow! Grander in its wildness that seemed to sweep at once all the swinging and stooping woods, to our ear, because his too listened, the concerto by winds and waves played at midnight, when not one star was in the sky. With him we first followed the Falcon in her flight—he showed us on the Echo-cliff the Eagle's eyry. To the thicket he led us where lay couched the lovely spotted Doe, or showed us the mild-eyed creature brousing on the glade with her two fawns at her side. But for him we should not then have seen the antlers of the red-deer, for the forest in which they bell'd was indeed a most savage place, and haunted,—so was the superstition at which they who

scorned it, trembled,—haunted by the ghost of a huntsman whom a jealous rival had murdered as he stooped, after the chase, at a little mountain well that ever since oozed out blood. What converse passed between us two in all those still shadowy solitudes! Into what depths of human nature did he teach our wondering eyes to look down! Oh! what was to become of us, we thought in sadness that all at once made our spirits sink,—like a bird falling suddenly to earth, struck by the fear of a thunder-cloud gathered above its song,—what was to become of us when the mandate should arrive for him to leave the Manse for ever, and sail away in a ship to India never more to return! Ever as that dreaded day drew nearer, more frequent were the tears in our eyes; and in our blindness, we knew not that such tears ought to have been far more rueful still, for that he then lay under orders for a longer and more lamentable voyage—a voyage over a narrow strait of time to the Eternal shore. All—all at once he drooped—on one fatal morning the dread decay began—with no forewarning, the springs on which his being had so lightly—so proudly—so grandly moved—gave way. Between one Sabbath and another his bright eyes darkened—and while all the people were assembled to the sacrament, the soul of Emilius Godfrey soared up to Heaven. It was indeed a dreadful death—serene and sainted though it were—and not a hall—not a house—not a hut—not a shieling within all the circle of those wide mountains, that did not on that night wail as if the parents there had lost a son. All the vast parish attended his funeral—Lowlanders and Highlanders in their own garb of grief.—And have time and tempest now blackened the white marble of that monument—is that inscription now hard to be read—the name of Emilius Godfrey in green obliteration—nor haply one surviving who ever saw the beauty of the countenance of him there interred! Forgotten as if he had never been! for few were that glorious or-

phan's kindred—and they lived in a foreign land—forgotten but by one heart, faithful through all the chances and changes of this restless world! And therein enshrined among all its holiest, most sacred remembrances, shall be the image of Emilius Godfrey, till it too, like his, shall be but dust and ashes!

Oh! blame not boys for so soon, so very soon, forgetting one another—in absence or in death. Yet forgetting is not just the very word; call it rather a reconciliation to doom and destiny—in thus obeying a benign law of nature, that soon streams sunshine over the shadows of the grave. Not otherwise could all the ongoings of this world be continued. The nascent spirit outgrows much in which it once found all delight; and thoughts delightful still, thoughts of the faces and the voices of the dead, perish not, lying sometimes in slumber—sometimes in sleep. “Awake but one—and, lo! what myriads rise!” It belongs not to the blessed season and genius of youth, to hug to its heart useless and unavailing griefs. Images of the well-beloved, when they themselves are in the mould, come and go, no unfrequent visitants, through the meditative hush of solitude. But our business—our prime joys and our prime sorrows—ought to be—must be with the living. Duty demands it; and Love, who would pine to death over the bones of the dead, soon fastens upon other objects, with eyes and voices to smile and whisper an answer to all his vows. So was it with us. Ere the midsummer sun had withered the flowers that spring had showered over our Godfrey's grave, youth vindicated its own right to happiness; and we felt that we did wrong to visit too often and too despairingly that corner in the kirk-yard. No fears had we of any too oblivious tendencies in our heart of hearts; in our dreams we saw him—most often alive in all his beauty—sometimes a phantom from the grave! If the morning light was hard to be endured, bursting suddenly upon us along with the feeling that he was

dead, so likewise did it more frequently cheer and gladden us with resignation, and send us forth a fit playmate to the dawn that rung with all sounds of joy. Again we found ourselves angling down the river, or along the loch—once more following the flight of the Falcon along the woods—eying the Eagle on the Echo-cliff. Days passed by, without so much as one thought of *Emilius Godfrey*—pursuing our pastime with all our passion, reading our books intently—just as if he had never been! But often and often, too, we thought we saw his figure coming down the hill straight towards

us—his very figure—we could not be deceived—but the love-raised ghost disappeared on a sudden—the grief-woven phantom melted into the mist. The strength, that formerly had come from his counsels, now began to grow up of itself within our own unassisted being. The world of nature became more our own, moulded and modified by all our own feelings and fancies, and with a bolder and more original eye we saw the smoke from the sprinkled cottages, and read the faces of the mountaineers on their way to the sheep-fold, or coming and going in joy to the house of God.

SKETCHES OF CONTEMPORARY AUTHORS, STATESMEN, &c.

NO. III.—MR. CRABBE.

Two writers of our day, Mr. Crabbe and Mr. Wordsworth, are especially remarkable for their descriptions of the lower classes of Englishmen. They may be taken to represent two great divisions of metrical writers about the poor. There is a third division, for whom we are not now careful to find a representative. "The last shall be first" in these observations. It contains the authors who delight in drawing shepherdesses and ploughmen as beings in whom the peculiarities of drawing-rooms are universal, and the general attributes of humanity utterly wanting. They assign to their personages a certain fantastic and affected refinement such as has never existed among those classes, and put them into situations in which neither those classes nor those refinements could by any possibility have arisen. Some landscape, and circumstances of the quietest character are described in hyperboles of the most violent and far-fetched extravagance; and two youths are exhibited talking a language as remote from that of instructed as from that of ignorant men, and "contending in alternate verse," till the complacent and congenial umpire refuses to decide on the superior merits of either, and the

reader can find no degrees of comparison in the absurdity of both. This is an extreme case. But there have been authors near our own time who have written almost as ridiculously, and have been applauded for their gentle labors. A man of talent, who has more warmth of sensibility and quickness of perception than reason or imagination, is likely to lose himself in describing the details he has seen, as he is not strongly guided by the principles he has thought. A powerful mind, but more philosophical than poetical, will always rather recur to universals and omit individuals. And it would be no great wonder that either of them should be able to delude his age into believing him a great poet. But, in the writings to which we refer, there is neither universal truth nor particular accuracy; and, in worshipping them, we bow down to idols, which, like the monsters of a Hindoo temple, are likenesses of nothing in the heavens, or the earth, or the waters under the earth.

Of such works—dolls to amuse the childless—it was perhaps scarcely worth while to speak. The opposites of them are the compositions in which the phenomena of obscure and vulgar existence are merely made use of like

all else around us, as the instruments and materials of the poetic imagination, but in which every detail and minute touch is scrupulously and conscientiously faithful; while this fidelity as to particulars is the mere frost-work on the rock of universal *Truth*, the marbles and mosaics which cover butresses of granite and cramps of iron. Observation supplies the armory, but genius calls up the legion of living men, to wear the breast-plates and to wield the swords. There is a Dutch picture of Christ among the Soldiers, in which every hair of the beards, every thread of the garments, is painted with a reality which would satisfy barbers and weavers. The whole is utterly false; for there is no attempt at expressing the scornful cruelty of the persecutors, or the holy and godly patience of the sufferers. As the productions of Raphael and Correggio differ from this, so the works of poets differ from those of men who are merely copyists. The latter are as much less living, as a statue than the Hermione of the "Winter's Tale." Though the accidents be the clothing, the principles are the life.

Between these two classes,—those who indite pastorals in which the characters are unnatural fancies, and who are a portion of the great body of authors without either intuition or observation, and those who are possessed of both the one and the other,—there is a third, to which Mr. Crabbe belongs—the persons, namely, whose power is entirely outward, but who are accurate watchers and examiners of all that goes on around them. His mind is not a window which admits light, but a looking-glass which accurately reflects whatever is placed opposite to it. He exhibits his personages, not in the general illumination of any master ideas, but in the literal individuality of the particular facts. He describes them, not by means of the creative imagination, which would picture them surrounded indeed by the peculiar circumstances of English society, yet as men still more than peasants; but he shows them as they

appear to the mechanical and fleshly eye, and in all their nakedness and bareness, unmodified by any feeling of the writer, and unexalted by the imagination.

Such, we think, is nearly the character of Mr. Crabbe as a describer of the lower ranks of men. It is in this character that we have first spoken of him, because it is in this that he is most remarkable. The three kinds of writers on this class of subject, are simply specimens of the three great divisions of thinkers on all subjects. There are some who can neither reason, imagine, nor observe, and therefore fancy,—some who collect the minutiae without a large philosophic insight,—some who look at details merely in subordination to principles. The first has furnished us with the men who describe shadows and fragments of humanity, the parents of such pastorals as Pope's, and such tragedies as Dryden's and Addison's. The second contains the authors, to the rank of whose works we must refer a good deal of Defoe, Smollett, and the American Brown, and almost all of Crabbe. The third is made up of Dantes, Shakspeares, Miltons, and Wordsworths, the prime glories of humanity.

All the subjects of Mr. Crabbe's compositions are treated with precisely the same laborious and literal fidelity as the hovels and workhouses where he especially delights to sojourn. His ladies and gentlemen are not beings of his own, imagined in accordance firstly and chiefly to the laws of nature and of poetry, and only secondly and subordinately in agreement with the peculiar influences of that part of society. They are portraits copied in every hair and wrinkle from the originals, and in which, as in all such portraits, the higher and more universal characteristics are almost entirely omitted. He does not paint the man he has seen and known, but the nose, the coat, the manners, and the actions of the man, to the omission of those powers which make him an agent. As a well-natured person, he breaks the

monotonous selfishness of his heroes and heroines with occasional touches of kindness and tenderness; but, having no philosophy higher than that of the world around him, we never see him delighting to clear from the mind which he is dealing with, its crust and filth, and so to open out the fountains of another life which are buried and sealed beneath.

But that which this writer does attempt to exhibit is completely brought before us. He never, indeed, paints in a single word, by using one which shall be a key-note to our imagination. He describes only for our memory. His Muse is the parent, not the offspring, of Mnemosyne. But what he attempts he does thoroughly; we see in his pages the very oiled paper in the windows, the very patches on the counterpane. When he talks of dust upon a floor, or stains upon a table-cloth, we might use the words of the Persian, and exclaim, "What dirt have we eaten!" Every riband in the cap of a hand-maid, every button on the coat of a beggar, we know them all with the precision of military martinets. And he describes, in the same way, landscapes, houses, thoughts, feelings. Those who have seen or felt what he talks of, start at seeing their recollections reproduced in all the vivacity of the original sensations. But he is utterly untranslatable. The imagination is the great interpreter; and, supposing the same degree of intelligence, Calderon is as delightful to an Englishman as to a Spaniard—Shakspeare as wonderful to a German as to us. But the effect of Mr. Crabbe's writings does not depend upon the degree to which our nobler faculties are developed, but to the accident of our having observed the very same objects as himself, and experienced the same annoyances from the same casual and transitory causes.

As an illustration of the different methods in which Mr. Crabbe, and a really great poet, treat the same subject, we will extract some stanzas of Wordsworth's, and a portion of the poem called "The Lover's Journey."

The little production of the former, from which we give an extract, is remarkably favorable to Mr. Crabbe, as being one which the greatest of critics (the author of "The Biographia Literaria") has declared would appear to greater advantage in prose. It is named "The Beggars." Both passages are quoted as mere descriptions of gipsies. The first is Wordsworth's:—

"Before me as the wanderer stood,
No bonnet screen'd her from the heat,
Nor claim'd she service from the hood
Of a blue mantle, to her feet
Depending with a graceful flow;
Only she wore a cap, pure as unsullied snow.

"Her skin was of Egyptian brown,
Haughty as if her eye had seen
Its own light to a distance thrown,
She tower'd—fit person for a queen
To head those Amazonian files,
Or ruling Bandit's wife among the Grecian isles.

"Her suit no faltering scruples check'd;
Forth did she pour, in current free,
Tales that could challenge no respect,
But from a blind credulity;
And yet a boon I gave her, for the creature
Was beautiful to see—a weed of glorious feature!

"I left her, and pursued my way;
And soon before me did espy
A pair of little boys at play,
Chasing a crimson butterfly;
The elder follow'd with his hat in hand,
Wreathed round with yellow flowers, the gayest of the land.

"The other wore a rimless crown,
With leaves of laurel stuck about;
And, while both follow'd up and down,
Each whooping with a merry shout,
In their fraternal features I could trace
Unquestionable lines of that wild suppliant's face.

"Yet they so blithe of heart, seemed fit
For finest tasks of earth or air;
Wings let them have, and they might flit
Precursors of Aurora's car,
Scattering fresh flowers, though happier far, I ween.

To hunt their fluttering game o'er rock and level green."

Here is a portion of Mr. Crabbe's description of similar personages:—

"On ragged rug, just borrow'd from the bed,
And by the hand of coarse indulgence fed,
In dirty patchwork negligently dress'd,
Reclined the wife, an infant at her breast;
In her wild face some touch of grace remain'd,
Of vigor palsied and of beauty stain'd;
Her blood-shot eyes on her unheeding mate
Were wrathful turn'd, and seem'd her wants to state,

Cursing his tardy aid—her mother there
 With gipsy-state engross'd the only chair ;
 Solemn and dull her look ; with such she stands,
 And reads the milk-maid's fortune in her hands,
 Tracing the lines of life ; assumed through
 years,

Each feature now the steady falsehood wears ;
 With hard and savage eye she views the food,
 And grudging pinches their intruding brood :
 Last in the group, the worn-out grandsire sits
 Neglected, lost, and living but by fits ;
 Useless, despised, his worthless labors done,
 And half protected by the vicious son,
 Who half supports him ; he with heavy glance
 Views the young ruffians who around him
 dance ;

And, by the sadness in his face, appears
 To trace the progress of their future years :
 Through what strange course of misery, vice,
 deceit,

Must wildly wander each unpractised cheat !
 What shame and grief, what punishment and
 pain,

Sport of fierce passions, must each child sus-
 tain—

Ere they, like him, approach their latter end,
 Without a hope, a comfort, or a friend !”

In the first place, how clear and brilliant is the picture of the gipsy woman in the first of Wordsworth's stanzas. There is no more indisposition to blink the use of common words for common things than in Mr. Crabbe ; but he produces an infinitely greater effect with the same cheap materials. In the second stanza how much there is of genuine imagination ; and how little does this great poet require in order to raise our minds aloft, and transport them to the most distant domains of poetic beauty ; and see, again, in the third, that powerful and original phrase, flung forth bright and perfect from the creative mind, in which the beautiful vagrant is called “a weed of glorious feature !” In the next strophe how bright and vivid a picture is shown to us of the boys, with their flower-wreathed hats, chasing the crimson butterfly ; a sunny and masterly representation, which is admirably kept up in the following stanza ; and, in the last of the portions we have quoted, with what godlike power does the author carry us away with these gipsy boys on the wings of the morning ! These are particular beauties, a few gems though of no common lustre ; but there is a more continuous and even a rarer merit, in the smooth and majestic course of the versification,

never halting, and never over-burthened ; and, above everything, what we do not hesitate to call the *perfection* of the language. There is not a thought which could be more concisely expressed without the diminution of its beauty ; not a word patched in for the sake of the metre, not a descriptive epithet which does not serve to suggest tenfold more than it expresses.

Let us turn from this to our original subject. We do not wish to dwell upon the different turn of mind indicated in the manner of the two poets when they look at similar objects, at the gladness and sympathy on the one hand and the cynicism on the other ; but let us observe the latter lines as a mere work of art. The construction of the first four lines is obviously faulty. We know not whether it be the wife who “is just borrowed from the bed,”—or the rug which is “by the hand of coarse indulgence fed.” The next verses simply express, as it might be expressed in prose, the physiognomy of the gipsy, and on these, at least, no pretensions to *poetry* can be raised. What can be more awkward, or less agreeable to the strict accuracy professed by the opponents of “irregular unclassical poetry,” than the use of the word *state* at the end of the couplet

“Her blood-shot eyes on her unheeding mate
 Were wrathful turn'd, and seem'd her wants
 to state.”

The description is strong, plain, and good, such as we expect in a good book of essay, travel, or novel ; till we find another instance of obscure and faulty construction in the phrase,

“Assumed through years,
 Each feature now the steady falsehood wears.”

It would really seem that the “features” had been “assumed through years,” instead of the falsehood. In the following couplet to what does “their” refer ; and, with similar carelessness, towards the close of the passage, it would seem that “punishment and pain” are the “sport of fierce passions,” rather than the children.

The description on the whole contains emphatic and even eloquent phrases ; but there is not one touch of imagination from the beginning to the end, which, by the pleasurable exercise of our faculties, might in some degree take off the pain necessarily felt in reading such an account. In the next paragraph, it is the purpose of the author to show how happiness overflows from the heart on all around it, and in how glad and gay a light the most wretched objects will be seen by the cheerful. But, instead of representing Orlando, the hero of the story, as connecting what he sees with joyous associations, and free from every remembrance of guilt or sorrow, he makes him reflect, that, though the gipsies are highly criminal and deserving of punishment, yet he is not called upon to inflict it ; and accordingly he gives them money.

We have said that there are no poetical beauties in this passage of Mr. Crabbe's writings, and have shown that there are several errors of composition. Yet we believe it to be as faultless as any portion of similar length, and equal talent, in all his works. It is powerful writing, though not poetry ; and we only wish that it, and the rest of his productions, had

not appeared under false pretences,—a situation which, besides its liability to detection, almost always gives a certain awkwardness of demeanor. Mr. Crabbe's unmetrical writing is not particularly happy ; but it is much better (looking merely at the style) than his verse. And there are not many more agreeable or more useful books of a similar nature than might be made by turning his tangled rhyme into easy prose. His strong plain sense, shrewd humor, acute observation, and faithful portraiture, would be instructive and delightful, and give us, what we have not, a standard book on the manners and characters of the great masses of English society.

The moral evils resulting from his works are, in our view, not light, though he himself is obviously a benevolent and thinking man ; for the virtues which he describes, and to which he solicits our admiration, are won from the shadowy limbs of compromise and opinion. He is evidently no believer in the possibility of much greater goodness than that of the average respectability around us ; and there is no sin which he treats with more bitter reprobation than dissent from the doctrines of the Church of England.

"THE MOUSE-TOWER."

A GERMAN LEGEND.

THE bishop of Mentz was a wealthy prince,
Wealthy and proud was he ;
He had all that was worth a wish on earth—
But he had not charitie !

He would stretch out his *empty* hands to *bless*
Or lift them both to *pray* ;
But alas ! to lighten man's distress
They moved no other way.

A famine came ! but his heart was still
As hard as his pride was high :
And the starving poor but throng'd his door
To curse him and to die.

At length from the crowd rose a clamor so
loud,
That a cruel plot laid he ;
He open'd one of his granaries wide,
And bade them enter free.

In they rush'd—the maid and the sire,
And the child that could barely run—
Then he closed the barn, and set it on
fire,
And burnt them every one !

And loud he laugh'd at each terrible shriek,
And cried to his archer train,
"The merry mice!—how shrill they squeak!
They are fond of the bishop's grain!"

But mark, what an awful judgment soon
On the cruel bishop fell ;
With so many mice his palace swarmed,
That in it he could not dwell.

They gnaw'd the arras above and beneath,
They ate each savoury dish up ;
And shortly their sacrilegious teeth
Began to nibble the bishop !

He flew to his castle of Ehrenfels,
By the side of the Rhine so fair ;
But they found the road to his new abode,
And came in legions there.

He built him, in haste, a tower tall
In the tide, for his better assurance ;
But they swam the river, and scald'd the
wall,
And worried him past endurance.

One morning his skeleton there was seen,
By a load of flesh the lighter ;
They had picked his bones uncommonly
clean,
And eaten his very mitre !

Such was the end of the bishop of Mentz,
And oft at the midnight hour
He comes in the shape of a fog so dense,
And sits on his old " Mouse-Tower."

CONVERSATIONS ON GEOLOGY.*

THE form of conversations on the more interesting parts of philosophy which has recently become so popular, is only the revival of the classical models of Xenophon, Plato, and Cicero, adapted to modern study and cast into the style of modern composition. As a method of exciting interest, and affording room for apt illustrations, it is immeasurably beyond the clumsy, dry, and lifeless plan too frequently followed of question and answer, inasmuch as it carries with it the thread of a narrative which the question-and-answer system is perpetually snapping asunder. Besides, the speakers in a conversation may be characterised by peculiarities of sentiments and style of thinking, so as to render a book something like a genuine picture of a fireside dialogue. This was carefully attended to by the ancients ; and, making allowance for the difference of style and manners, the author of the work before us appears to have kept this constantly in view. The speakers are a mother, and her son and daughter. The boy is represented as inquisitive after facts, and much more ready to start objections to any proposed opinion or theory, that is, he is less credulous than we should suppose any boy to be ; yet, as his mode of objecting is the very life of the book, we are willing to let this hypercriticism go for nothing. The girl does not take quite so much share in the dialogue as we could wish ; but, when she does, it is usually to make some

remark founded upon taste and love of the picturesque, rather than on the deeper and dryer subjects which her brother is represented as bringing forward—For example :

" *Edward.*—A romantic science, mother ! That is certainly a very unusual expression.

" *Mrs. R.* That is of little consequence, if it be correct ; and I think I can show it to be so, even independently of the fanciful systems which I have just hinted at. Do you not say, Christina, that botany is a beautiful science ?

" *Christina.*—Yes ; I think it is, indeed ; for it invites us to the fields in the beautiful months of spring and summer, and makes us admire the beauty of the budding trees, the springing grass, and the opening blossoms : it enhances the pleasure of every walk, and sometimes, I have fancied, makes the sunshine itself look brighter when it falls upon a flower-garden.

" *Mrs. R.*—And have I not heard you, Edward, calling astronomy *sublime* ?

" *Edward.*—It deserves, indeed, to be called so, I think ; for it raises our thoughts above the earth and its little scene of change and bustle, and leads the mind to contemplate the starry universe and the infinity of space, which God has peopled with suns and worlds.

" *Mrs. R.*—Then, if you call Botany beautiful, and Astronomy sub-

* Conversations on Geology ; comprising a Familiar Explanation of the Huttonian and Wernerian Systems ; the Mosaic Geology as explained by Mr. Granville Penn ; the late Discoveries of Professor Buckland, Humboldt, Dr. Macculloch, and others. 1 vol. 12mo. (with Engravings.) Pp. 371. London, 1828.

lime, for the reasons you have just given, I, in the same way, call *Geology romantic*, because it not only leads us to travel among the wildest scenery of nature, but carries us back to the birth and infancy of our little planet, and follows its history of deluges, and hurricanes, and earthquakes, which have left such numerous traces of their devastations. Would you not think it romantic to travel, as must be done by the geological inquirer, among mountains and valleys, where tempests have bared and shattered the hardest rocks, and where alternate rains and frosts are crumbling the solid materials of mountains, while the springs and rivers wash away the fragments, to deposit them again in the various stages of their course? And would you not think it romantic to dream about the young world emerging from darkness, and rejoicing in the first dawn of created light? To think of the building of mountains, the hollowing out of valleys, and the gathering together of the great waters of the ocean? And will it not be romantic to discover the traces of the ancient world before the time of Noah, in every hill and valley which you examine?

"*Edward*.—This will, indeed, be romantic and interesting, though I am not sure I shall understand it so well as Astronomy.

"*Mrs. R.*—On the contrary, I think Geology is, perhaps, better fitted for our limited comprehensions than Astronomy; for it is more within our reach to examine the structure and formation of mountains, than that of the sun or of the stars; and it is easier to bring the mind to rest on the comparative littleness of the earth at its creation, than to let our thoughts travel abroad through the boundless fields of infinite space. When we descend to the earth, we feel ourselves more at home; we are not so overpowered by sublimity as in the contemplation of astronomy; we can think more calmly and reason more at ease; and we can trace the finger of God more visibly,—perhaps because more nearly."

This is the usual style of the work in those parts where the more argumentative topics of the science are not the subject of discussion. In that case, though the style admits of fewer ornaments, the interest is kept up by apt illustrations, curious facts, and unexpected transitions in the argument.

More than two-thirds of the volume are devoted to the two leading Geological Theories of Hutton and Werner, the advocates severally for the agency of fire and water, whose followers are usually designated *Vulcanists* and *Neptunists*. Our readers may not be displeased to see a brief outline of these celebrated theories, as we shall attempt to redact it from the luminous sketches in the "Conversations."

For the purpose of making a globe like the earth, the seas, continents, and islands, diversified with hills and valleys, and productive of food for various animals, Dr. Hutton considered it as indispensable that other globes should have previously existed, from which materials for the structure might be derived. These supposititious worlds being acted on by the moist atmosphere, by rains, and by the frost and thaws of winter and spring, would, in a long course of years, be crumbled down, or, as the Geologists say, disintegrated, and gradually carried by rivers, in the form of sand, clay, and gravel, to the sea. At the bottom of the sea these materials would arrange themselves in beds, differing in thickness, according to the circumstances by which they might be affected. But those beds would have continued in the soft state of sand or clay for ever, unless something occurred to harden them. It is here that Dr. Hutton brings in the agency of fire, and tells us, that there is at the bottom of the sea sufficient heat, from a great central fire which he conceives to exist in the centre of the globe, to melt all the clay, sand, and gravel, and to form them into rocks. He provides for the appearance of these above water, by supposing that the central fire occasionally expands itself, and elevates the newly-

formed rocks into islands and continents, diversified by hills and valleys, these being destined in their turn to the same changes of destruction and renovation, as those from which they took their origin.

According to the rival Geological Theorist, Werner, all the substances which now constitute rocks, mountains, and soil, on the earth's surface, were originally existing in a state of solution in the waters of the great Chaos, which he supposes at the beginning to have surrounded the globe to a vast depth. The substances or materials of rocks, thus swimming in the primitive ocean, he conceives to have gradually fallen to the bottom, sometimes by chemical, sometimes by mechanical means, and sometimes by both together; and in this manner, he thinks, all the rocks have been formed which we now find on digging into the earth. The inequalities of mountains and valleys on the surface of the earth, which were thus produced as soon as the waters began to subside, (and this subsidence is an important point in the system,) gradually rose out of the primitive sea, forming the first dry land. The rocks which were in this manner first formed, Werner calls the *Original*, or *Primitive Formation*: they consist of granite, gneiss, different species of slate, marble, and trap.

The formation of these rocks, however, did not, it seems, exhaust the materials floating in the waters, for the deposition went on, and a class of rocks were formed consisting of grey wacké, limestone, and trap, which rested on the primitive, and are called by Werner the *Intermediate* or *Transition Rocks*; because, on their appearance above the waters, the earth, he conceives, passed into a habitable state.

After the formation of those primitive and transition rocks, Werner alleges that the water suddenly rose over them to a great height, covering them in many places, as it again subsided, with a new formation of rocks consisting of sandstone, conglomerates, limestone, gypsum, chalk, and rock-

salt, which he called *Level* or *Floetz Rocks*.

Since that period, the wearing down of the rocks, by the action of the weather and other causes, and the washing away of the worn materials by rains and streams of water, have formed soil, gravel, sand, peat, and the various other beds which are called *Alluvial*.

Besides alluvial strata, however, there are several others of recent formation which are not comprehended in this outline of the Wernerian system, such as volcanic rocks, and those which are composed of coral, and are at this moment progressively increasing. Of volcanic rocks Wernerians take as little notice as possible, inasmuch as the very name is inimical to their water theory; for, like all theorists, they carry their notions to a ridiculous length, as a plain man, though ignorant of Geology, may well understand, when we tell him that some of the disciples of Werner have exerted their ingenuity to prove that lava rocks, the chronology of whose formation is ascertained and recorded, have never been melted by fire, but are genuine aqueous deposits from the Wernerian waters! Of the coral rocks and islands, we have a most lively and interesting account in the work before us; and, though it is not quite so short as to render it suitable for an extract, we think our readers will be pleased to see so much of it, as we can spare room to insert.

"Mrs. R.—The polypus zoophytes which manufacture coral and build islands, are minute and delicate in structure, and seem to have the power of encasing themselves with a hard crust for the purpose of protection.

"Edward.—More, then, it would appear, like a snail or a shell-fish than an insect.

"Mrs. R.—You are right; and you may judge of the number of a coral colony, from the extraordinary facts related by voyagers of unquestionable credit. Captain Flinders, for instance, tells us that the quantity of coral reefs between New Holland,

New Caledonia, and New Guinea, is such that it might justly be called the Coraline sea, there being here, for three hundred and fifty miles in a straight line, a coral reef or barrier, uninterrupted by any large opening into the sea; and this reef is connected with others so as altogether to make an extent of nearly one thousand miles in length, and from twenty to fifty miles in breadth.

"*Edward.*—I should like very much to see the little creatures at work upon such an immense mound.

"*Mrs. R.*—That would be impossible, as their work is slow and gradual; you might as well say you would like to see a snail at work in making its shell, or a rose-tree at work in making its flower.

"*Edward.*—The process of the coral polypus, at least, has been explained, I presume.

"*Mrs. R.*—As to that, it is the same with the process of forming the snail-shell. The sea-water always contains lime, as do the vegetables upon which the snail feeds; now, you know that, when lime meets with carbonic acid gas, it unites with it and forms chalk, or lime-stone, or marble.

"*Edward.*—All this is obvious; but I cannot conjecture where the coral zoophyte, or the snail, gets the carbonic acid gas to unite with the lime.

"*Mrs. R.*—So you have forgot your pretty chemical experiment of blowing through a glass tube into lime-water?

"*Edward.*—Oh, no! but I did not know that a coral zoophyte, or a snail, breathed as I do.

"*Mrs. R.*—It seems to be a general law of all living things to produce carbonic acid gas in a way similar to ourselves; and it is probable, that in the snail and the coral zoophyte this gas passes off from the surface of the body, where it meets with the lime that forms the basis of the shell; and this is cemented into a firmer substance by the slime of the animal which is present at the same time. Some sorts of coral, you know, are so hard as to take a fine polish, and are

made into trinkets; but they all consist of lime, carbonic acid gas, and the slimy substance of the polypus for a cement.

"*Christina.*—I can understand this perfectly, and I am quite delighted with this history of coral; but I had no notion that I should meet with such things in Geology.

"*Edward.*—I cannot, however, conceive well how such animals concert together to form a reef or an island, as I presume they are no less stupid than snails seem to be.

"*Mrs. R.*—With respect to their intelligence, we can derive our information only from their works; and, from what I shall tell you, it must be concluded, either that they are very wise and skilful, or that they are immediately directed in their operations by an all-wise Providence.

"*Edward.*—In the formation of shell, at least, there is no intelligence manifested on the part of the little manufacturer; it is only the result of a natural chemical process, over which it seems to have little, if any, control.

"*Mrs. R.*—Right; but what I refer to is a union of purpose and design in all the individuals of a coral colony, which you will confess to be surprising, when I tell you that most, if not all, of the coral reefs are built in the form of a crescent, and sometimes of a circle, with the back to the sea, as if the coral animalcules were aware of the properties of the arch, and knew that it would resist the dashing of the waves better than a straight line.

"*Edward.*—This is indeed most wonderful.

"*Mrs. R.*—The wonder is increased when we find that the back of the coral crescent is generally directed towards the quarter from which storms most frequently come. Now, these are circumstances which cannot be explained otherwise than by the operation of intelligence and design; for the sea would naturally beat in the back of the crescent, and, by reversing it, turn its bosom to the waves in the form of a bay."

This is followed by details in the same narrative style, of the coral islands described by Flinders and Cooke, in the South Seas, and by Salt and Bruce in the Red Sea ; but for these we cannot spare room, and must refer such as are interested in the subject to the work itself.

We have only to add, that the "Conversations on Geology" are not inferior in pointed illustration, perspi-

cuity and plainness of style, and accurate knowledge of science, to the "Conversations on Chemistry," &c., which have become so deservedly popular. The volume before us is, besides, the first attempt to exhibit the fashionable science of Geology in a familiar dress, adapted to general readers and those who have not leisure to dip into more ponderous works.

EVENING.

SAID I in vain that sky and earth
Are gushing o'er with many a tale?
And that this silent night gives birth
To thoughts whose memory ne'er should
fail?

Said I in vain, there breathes a story
Through yon blue tracts of star-lit glory?

No, Lady, no! Thou, too, has felt
The might and rapture of the hour;
And deep within thy spirit melt
Its soothing charm and pious power;
Its presence to thy heart is nigh,
With strength serene and awful eye.

The broad and solemn shades are scattered

By gleams, and paths, and lakes of light,
As when, ere man's young hopes were shattered,

Angels came floating through the night,
And shed with pinions fresh from God,
The glow of heaven on Eden's sod.

The world is not asleep, but fill'd
With that unbroken, happy calm
Wherein each hastier pulse is still'd,
And every breath a voiceless psalm;
And e'en the soul, in memory's spite,
Drinks from the skies their starry light.

The trees, whose spires, and tufts, and bowers
Glimmer beneath the journeying moon;

The turf, whose sweets are fed with showers,
Their nature's cool and dewy boon;
The flakes of cloud that mount the breeze
Light as the foam of azure seas;—

It folds them all, the gentle Eve!
Beneath its wide and purple wings,
Too softly, gladly hushed to grieve
For the broad lights that morning brings;
I, too, have opened heart and sense,
And welcomed all its influence.

And if, amid this glorious time,
This thrilling silence, mingle aught
Of less aspiring and sublime,
Of troubled dream and selfish thought;
If recollections, strange and foul,
Come like the scream of boding owl;

If thus it be—this seraph night
Hath eyes of mercy and of love,
And from each far ethereal height
Breathes down the peace which lives
above—

God never sent to man an hour
Of purer hope, of holier power.

But, Lady! in *thy* gentle breast
The skies no jarring contrast see;
The world whose storms are all at rest,
In gladness is at one with thee;
Thou feel'st what I can but believe,
That the heart need not always grieve.

THE YOUNG ARAB SHEIK.

A TALE; ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE ARABIAN MANNERS.

"Free as the mountain air."

THE heat of the mid-day sun was scorching the desert plain of Arabia Petræa, and the intensity of its rays warned the pilgrim to rest himself beneath the shady palm, and induced the wild Arab to put spurs to his fleet

steed, and seek out his temporary home. At a distance were seen the mountains of Horeb and Sinai; between them and the traveller of the desert, appeared one of those delightful spots on which the eye of the Arab

looks with peculiar pleasure. He is the child of enthusiasm and romance, and though his life is one continued scene of predatory warfare, he bounds over the plains with the rapturous feelings of a superior being, and for him alone is "Eden raised in the waste wilderness." The palm-tree, the tamarind, and the pomegranate, were towering over this garden of the desert. It gladdens the weary pilgrim when he first beholds it from afar, and his heart leaps with delight when he is sheltered in its bosom from the fierceness of the sky, and his feet relieved from the insupportable heat of the burning sands. He sits in this grateful shade, and refreshes himself with the fruit of the tamarind and the Indian fig-tree, and drinks the milk of the cocoa-nut.

An Arab flew along the desert, on his beautiful courser. His long lance was in his right hand, and his sabre hung by his side; his firelock was fixed at the saddle-bow. He passed along with the swiftness of an arrow, but the easy motion of his beast roused him not from the luxury of his imagination. His eye was lifeless, and a settled gravity overspread his features, but his mind was actively employed in scenes of romance. He was thinking of the fair Cora, the delight of the desert, and he had separated himself from his tribe, that he might search out the tent of the old sheik, her father. He bent his way towards the oasis, nor would he have been long in reaching it, but his attention was at this moment directed to an object which appeared on the horizon: at sight of it he abated his speed, and somewhat altered his course.

The dark speck had motion, yet what it might be, a common eye could not have determined; but the eye of a Bedouin is seldom deceived. The Arab placed his spear in rest, and passed on at an easy pace. The object now began to assume a determinate form, and a horseman might be perceived, advancing rapidly across the plain. The Arab eyed the stran-

ger as he approached, and when he had come up within a bowshot, suddenly wheeled his horse round, and charged him at full speed. The stranger drew his sabre, but the impetuous attack of the Arab could not be withstood; and though the former received no wound, by reason of the spear alighting on the saddle, yet the force of the charge overthrew both man and horse, and, before they could recover themselves, the Arab was at the spot with his firelock pointed on his fallen adversary. "I want a gift for Cora," exclaimed the Arab; "give me your gold, and do not oblige me to shed your blood; it is counted a curse among us to take away the life of a traveller in the desert." "Methinks (answered the other) your scruples are somewhat too nice; after upsetting me so unceremoniously, it cannot be necessary to preach morality whilst you are robbing me."

"What have the sons of Ishmael?" said the Arab: "by fraud our progenitor was deprived of his inheritance, and by force we may recover our right. Nothing was left for us, but what our arms might obtain from the hands of the spoiler; we have no home but the desert."

"If you will remove that old rusty firelock from my nether jaw," said the traveller, "I shall feel much more at home than I do at the present moment. Here are two bags filled with gold sequins of Cairo—take them, and be satisfied." The Arab stretched out his right hand to take them, still holding his firelock in the left, steadied on the pommel of the saddle, and directed towards his prisoner. "I should judge by their weight," said he, poisoning the bags as he spoke, "that it is as you say, and I shall examine them at my leisure. There is no necessity," continued he, slowly replacing his firelock in its rest, "for you to remain longer on the ground, the heat of the sand may incommode you." "Your courtesy is rather ill-timed," said the traveller, rising, and clearing his disordered dress from the sand, "and I can very well dispense

with any further attentions from you. I have already sunk under the weight of your favors, and been lightened of my cares by your civility. I shall not stay here to be roasted alive, but make the best of my way to the green island yonder." So saying, he mounted his horse, which had stood quietly by his side, and turned his head towards the oasis. "I was going thither," exclaimed the Arab, "when your approach drew me from my road. Let us now make the best of our way to the shade, for the heat is oppressive, and you may have received some injury in your late fall, which I can examine for you when we are there." The other made no answer, but whilst the Arab was speaking, he had conveyed his hand to the holsters of the saddle. The latter comprehended what he was about, and it was the work of but a moment to place his sabre within a few inches of the stranger's throat. "If you will dismount," said the Arab, "I will remove your pistols; they may interrupt the good understanding which at present subsists between us. There," said he, placing them in his girdle, "let us now move on." The traveller remounted his horse, and they galloped along to the delightful spot before mentioned.

"The horses will pick for themselves," said the Arab, dismounting, and removing the saddle and bridle from his beast. "If yours is as well taught as mine, it will not stray, and they can feed together. You seem somewhat the worse for our late encounter. Come," continued he, assisting the traveller to lighten his horse of its furniture, "let us find a pleasant spot for our resting place." They sat down beneath a canopy of lofty trees, whose mingled foliage was impervious to the rays of the sun. The traveller was scarcely seated, when he fell back exhausted and fainting. The Arab brought him water in a palm leaf, and gathered for him nuts and tamarinds; he poured the milk of the cocoa-nut down his throat, and used every means for his restoration.

"There is in the oasis," said the Arab, "great variety of fruits; amongst others, melons, oranges, and peaches. You will prefer these to any thing I can offer you. For myself, I have some bruised barley, which shall be my only food till I meet with Cora." "Your lady will, I hope, reward you for your abstinence," said the traveller, who was by this time a little recovered. "Have the kindness to gather me a melon; I am so far overcome with fatigue, that I do not well know how to rise to get it myself." The Arab gathered him some fruit, and placed it near him, then, seating himself by his side, he began his own unpalatable meal. When it was finished, he procured fire from the friction of two sticks, and, lighting his pipe, continued smoking in a state of perfect abstraction. His eye became languid and inexpressive, and his features motionless. The act of violence which he had lately committed was a thing of course; his idea of right and wrong fully justified it, and explained it as an act of retributive justice. It had been performed, and was now forgotten, and his mind was again occupied with lofty sentiment and romantic feeling, which absorbed all its energies. He was now reveling in all the extasies of the Mahomedan paradise, and his Cora was a lovely houri, whose eyes were beautiful and soft as those of the gazelle.

The traveller was as little inclined to converse as his companion might be, and, after casting a disconsolate look on his two bags of sequins, he laid his head on a little mound beside him, which served very well for a pillow, and presently fell asleep. The Arab continued smoking. Sometimes, in a moment of recollection, he took one of the bags of gold and poised it, then laid it down, and, taking up a leaf, began to fan his companion to promote his slumber, and disperse the insects which flitted about him. But these interruptions to his musings were few and short; and as the evening approached, he appeared to become entirely insensible to every ob-

ject around him. His brow indeed was raised, and his eyes assumed a liveliness which gave an inexpressible beauty to his calm and open features; but this animation arose from the deep enthusiasm of his soul. The sun set, and the evening planet presently appeared. His eye was intently fixed on its silver orb, and continued to be so till the increasing shades of night revealed the glories of the Arabian sky. The bright star Aldebaran was approaching the meridian, and the planets Mars and Venus discovered themselves under what is termed by astrologers, a favorable aspect. The Arab rose from the ground, and retired a few paces to a little hillock of sand. He scattered part of it on the earth before him, and then traced with his pipe an astrological figure. His satisfaction increased as he proceeded in his work, and when the horoscope was finished, he exclaimed in rapture—"The star of my destiny is on the meridian, and the significant planets are well posited in the seventh house: my beloved approaches, she cannot be far off."

"Ah! what is the matter?" cried the traveller, awaking, "take the gold if you will, and a plague go with it." His thoughts wandered for the moment to the rencontre of the morning, and the loss he had sustained.

"I have been holding converse with the stars," said the Arab, "and they tell me that Cora is near."

"The stars are very communicative," returned the other, yawning.

"I will tell thee of Cora," resumed the Arab, seating himself beside his companion; "I will tell thee of Cora, the delight of the desert. I am Beni Sâker, the son of Sâker, the sheik, and am myself a sheik. My father is master of a thousand spears, he has multitudes of camels and sheep, and his family is as numerous as the stars. A hundred spears await my bidding. I also have camels and sheep, but my chief treasures are locked up in Cora. Cora is the daughter of Hâtîm, he is the commander of five hundred horsemen, and he has great treasure; yet I

covet nothing that is his, but the fair Cora.

"Hâtîm, the father of Cora, entered into league with my parent Sâker. We joined our strength against the Mawali, and set out together to meet them. We came up with our enemy, and parleyed with them, but they would not listen to the voice of peace. We threw a thousand lances into the midst of their company, and they dispersed like the chaff, scattering themselves over the plain. We pursued them, but the night favoring their escape, we returned to our tents to celebrate the feast of victory. The flesh of a young camel was prepared for us, and baked rice, and there was goats' and camels' milk in abundance.

"I left my tent early on the morning after our victory, and walked to the well to water the camels. There was a female of the tribe of Hâtîm drawing water. Her waist was straight and supple as my lance, and her steps were light and elegant as those of a young filly. Her face was veiled, according to the custom of our tribes; but in raising the vessel of water to her head, she disordered her veil, and I observed her features. Her eyes were like those of the gazelle; her looks were languid and impassioned; her beautiful eyebrows were arched like two bows of ebony; her eyelashes were blackened with kool, and her lips were painted blue; and her nails were tinged with gold-colored henna; her breasts were like two pomegranates, and her words were sweeter than honey. Which of the daughters of Hâtîm is it, said I, who is drawing water from Sâker's well? I am Cora, (answered she,) the daughter of Hâtîm thy friend. She left me, and, returning, withdrew into the inner tent of her father."

"Day after day, I pined for the fair Cora, but she came no more to the well; and the tribe of Hâtîm suddenly struck their tents, and departed from among us. I concealed my passion for some time from my father, but my body wasted away till it yielded no shadow, and Sâker then

inquired of me the cause. I told him, and he has promised to procure me the daughter of Hâtim. I have left my father's tent, and am seeking the dwelling of Hâtim, and when I find him I shall offer gifts to him, and to the fair Cora, and if she loves me, Hâtim will give her to me; then I shall want nothing when Cora, the delight of the desert, is mine."

"Your name is Beni Sâker, said you not?" inquired the traveller.

"It is," replied the Arab; "why do you dwell on my name?"

"I have heard it before," said the other, "and that not long ago. I will tell you the whole matter; 'tis a short story, though I should begin with my setting out for Bassora, and end with the event of to-day.

"I am Lucas, a merchant of Toulon. Twelve months back I set out on my journey to Bassora, whither affairs of trade had called me. After passing through the Mediterranean, I joined a caravan which was then about to proceed, under an Arabian escort, to the Persian gulf. We met with no interruptions on our way, and, arriving at Bassora, the caravan separated. At the end of three weeks, having finished my business, I wished to return, and a Persian trader directed me to a caravan that was on the eve of departure towards the Mediterranean. I joined company with it, and proceeded on across the desert.

"On the third day of our journey I was resting myself, after our halt, in the tent of the sheik. I was alone, and on the point of falling asleep, for our march had been severe, and I was much fatigued, but my attention was awakened by the silver tones of a beautiful voice, which proceeded from the inner tent. I am no cynic, music has charms for me at all times, and I listened with considerable interest to the song of the invisible minstrel. It was a female voice, not less sweet than the honeyed accents of your fabled houris. Indeed, let him who inquires after the exquisitely beautiful, and who wishes duly to appreciate the melody of woman's voice, lis-

ten to it in the midst of the desert, when the day's march is ended, and he is sitting in his tent under the shade of his fig-tree."

"Well, well," said the impatient Arab, "but the subject of the song?"

"Does the sentiment displease you?" inquired the other.

"It does not displease me," said the Arab, "but I feel interested in your narrative, and wish to hear its termination."

"As nearly as I can remember," said the traveller, "these are the words of the song:

"My father sojourned in the tent of Sâker. I went to the well to draw water; the son of Sâker spoke kindly to me. The steed of Beni Sâker is the swiftest of his tribe, and he is the chief among a hundred.' My memory fails me; but this was I believe the substance of the song."

"It is enough," said the Arab, stroking his beard with profound gravity. "The tribe of Hâtim has been your escort. How came you to separate yourself from the caravan, and at what distance should you think it is from us?"

"I rashly imagined," answered the traveller, "that I could gain the shores of the Mediterranean without interference on the part of your freebooters, and in less time than would be spent by the caravan in reaching them." "You did wrong," said the Arab; "When did you leave your party?"

"This morning only. The caravan is not many hours' march behind us; if we remain here, it will have come up, or nearly so, by to-morrow sunrise."

"If it is as you say," returned the Arab, "the sequins may once more change masters. I shall not injure him whom Hâtim has protected." The traveller was about to resume possession of his two bags, but the Arab gently put back his hand. "There is," said he, "no need of haste. It was your expedition which occasioned your losing them." Lucas smiled, and made no answer. The

Arab composed himself for the night, and the traveller, following his example, the former was in a short time sitting in his dreams, under a palm-tree, with his Cora; and the latter comforting himself in the possession of his lost sequins. The sun had risen not many degrees above the horizon, when the Arab and the traveller awaking, repaired to the entrance of the oasis, and looked eagerly across the desert, hoping to discover the approach of the caravan; but all between the land and the sky was one vacant plain. They looked at each other for a moment, the one doubting the truth of what his companion had told him, and the other fearing that his conqueror's present mood was by no means favorable to the restoration of his gold. The countenance of the Arab suddenly lightened. A small grayish cloud appeared on the edge of the horizon. The traveller viewed it without the least interest, but the Arab knew that it indicated the approach of a large company. "Yonder is the caravan," said the latter; "when the sun is eight degrees higher, it will have reached us. It will be best to await its coming up. There is no caravansary between them and the oasis, they will therefore halt at this place. If you have told me the truth," continued he, seriously addressing the traveller, "I shall quickly accomplish the object of my search, and return happy to my own tribe. I shall give back your gold, and you will shortly be placed beyond the reach of molestation. But if you have deceived me, I am perhaps about to fall into the hands of a hostile tribe, and my blood will be upon your head." They retired together into the oasis to await the event.

A neighing of horses announced the approach of the company, which consisted of not less than an hundred merchants of different countries, and three hundred camels laden with merchandise, the whole escorted by a numerous body of Arabs, armed with spears, sabres, and ill-conditioned muskets, and mounted on fleet horses.

The noise of the approaching cavalcade brought the Arab and the traveller from the enclosure of the oasis. The former immediately recognized the Arab guard to be the tribe of Hâtim.

The stillness of the desert was now broken by a confusion of sounds; horses neighing, the camels snuffling, and crowding towards the great well, led thither by an instinctive knowledge of what it contained. Some of these last were kneeling, in order that their burdens might be removed; the captain of the rest, one of the officers attending the caravan, was giving his orders for the bestowal of the merchandise, over which he appointed a strong guard. The camels and mares were then given in charge to some of the attendants, who confined them in slips, leaving them however at liberty to graze round the oasis. A large tent was quickly erected for the whole company, and preparation was made for affording refreshment to the caravan after its march.

"Es salam âleikum," (God save you,) exclaimed a meagre, swarthy, and diminutive old man, approaching his cheek to that of Beni Sâker.

"Es salam âleikum," returned the other, respectfully kissing the hand of Hâtim, for he it was who saluted him. "Have you left peace in your father's house," inquired Hâtim. "Sâker, thy friend, is in health, and his tribe are in peace," replied Beni Sâker; "but the son of thy friend asks his happiness of thee." "Speak, my son," said Hâtim, "tell me in what can Hâtim render thee a service?" "My father," began Beni Sâker, "has a present of goats and young camels for you, and of kids for Cora, and ——" "I see how it is," said Hâtim, interrupting him, "well, be it so; but Cora is not with us, I have left her eastward with the rest of my tribe. The flocks have good pasturage, and they will remain there till I return to them. You can accompany the caravan, and go back with me, or depart to-morrow sun-rise, in search of Cora." "I shall seek the tent of Cora without delay," answered Beni

Sáker. "Regard your mare, as well as your mistress," said Hátim; "stay here with the caravan till the morning. The flocks are not above two days' journey from this place, and your mare is swift." They entered the tent together.

At the upper end of the tent sat the sheik, with Bení Sáker at his right hand, and nearest to them sat the officers of the caravan; the merchants were seated in a double line, after these. The refreshments were then brought in; they consisted of kids' flesh, roast, and boiled rice. After the necessary ceremony of ablution, the meal proceeded, each person putting his hand into the dishes, to supply himself with the provisions before him. They drank only water, which was brought them from the wells. This was indeed no common luxury, being beautifully clear, and of a pleasant flavor. But this good cheer, so unusual among the Bedouins, was not tasted by Bení Sáker; he adhered to

his vow of taking nothing more than what was barely sufficient to support nature till he had found his Cora.

Bení Sáker rose early the morning after the halt, and whilst the caravan was preparing to pursue its journey, he sought and found Lucas, to whom he restored the two bags of sequins. "Stranger," said he, taking the hand of Lucas, "there is your gold; I could not keep it, if I desired to do so, since you are under the care of Hátim; but it would as well be ungrateful in me to injure you, when our meeting has terminated so happily for me. Peace be with you. Return to your country, and be happy; happy as Bení Sáker will be, when sitting in his tent with Cora, or bounding over the desert on his steed."

The caravan began its march, and Bení Sáker, bidding farewell to his friend Hátim, and his late companion Lucas, threw himself on the back of his mare, and presently disappeared from the plain.

THE LOVE OF COUNTRY.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And e'en those hills that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar
But bind him to his native mountains more.

THIS is one of the assertions which people believe to be true, because nobody has taken the trouble to contradict it; but in reality it is totally against nature, and therefore must be false. The *maladie de pays* of the Swiss peasant is quoted as an example of the love of country, which its poverty and bleakness rather enhance than diminish. Do you think that the hardy Switzer, who is toiling under the weight of great fur caps and ponderous musket, in the sunny plains of Lombardy, hates those plains merely because they are sunny, and loves his

own mountains merely because they are bleak? No such thing; but in the intervals left him between war and dangers, he recalls the scenes of his youthful hours, of his youthful joys—the craggy hill is made dear to him by the recollection of his having wandered amid its steepes with his young Annette,—by his pulling the solitary harebell, which grew far up on the rock, and fixing it with a trembling hand and beating heart among the soft curls of the bright-haired mountain maid. He thinks of those scenes as connected with "the old familiar

faces," that rise upon his memory like dreams—he sees the rude hut that sheltered his youth, standing upon the rugged heath—but he sees also his grey-haired mother's smile, and hears his father's voice, tremulous with age, and shaking with emotions, the bitterest a father's heart can feel, when parting for ever from his only son. He hears the light songs of his sisters, and sees the arch sparkle of their eyes, as they banter him about the beautiful Annette—and the young man starts from his waking dreams to sad realities—and marvel ye, as his eye takes in the blossoms of the vine, or his ear drinks the wild carols of the vintage train, that he despises them as things foreign to his heart and his affections; and that he longs, with a passionate longing, for the rude rocks which friendship has clothed for him with beauty, and the desolate height which love has sprinkled for him with flowers? Reverse the matter, and see if the proposition holds. Take some fat Cockney, for instance, and keep him in any of the Highland moors for a year—see if he won't have a longing to return to his snug house, his pint of port, and rubber of whist. Ask him, when he was sojourning among the roes and moorcocks, if he didn't frequently wish to be comfortably seated on his sofa in the parlor, with his wife by his side, and his two or three children about his knee, and then ask him, after looking at young Johnnie's squinting eye, and little Sophy's swelled cheek, whether he was so anxious for his home, merely because it was warm, and bien, and comfortable, or whether it was not the presence of his wife and little ones that made him pant for it as the hart does for the water-brook? Even Betty, his Dorsetian

cook, with her red arms and carrotty hair, seemed to him, in his dreamings on that Aberdeenshire desert, more beautiful than the loveliest mountain lassie that tript barefoot among the heather, and vanished in a moment from his jaundiced eyes, as light as the butterfly that fluttered among the thyme which bloomed beneath her feet. Think ye not that the peasant of some rich plain in England loves that plain in all its richness of vegetation and beauty of sky, as truly and as devotedly as the "habitant" of the Hebrides loves his native hut, with the cataract roaring over the linn a few yards from the door, and the tempest howling down the unsheltered ravine, where at midnight he fancies he hears the yelling of disembodied ghosts, and the voices of the spirits of the storm? Every man loves his country—but it is not the earth, the insensate clod, that is the bond—it is the associations of his youth, his manhood, or even his ancestry, which bind him with such intensity of strength; and never may those feelings be eradicated from human hearts! Still dear to men be the home, however bleak, where first they lifted their pure hearts to Heaven, and taught their young lips to lisp the name of God—still dear be the sunny vale, the barren heath, or the shrubless mountain, where they wandered in their thoughtless youth—and dear be the solemn aisle, or small desolate kirkyard, where they have laid their wee bairn that died, with its sweet smiles and long soft hair, and where they may shortly be laid themselves, to mingle their bones with the bones of their fathers and grandfathers, who lived and died in the same quiet valley a hundred years before!

TO A BUTTERFLY SEEN IN THE STREETS OF A CITY.

PURPLE-WINGED offspring of gladness and
light,
Backward go circle thy wandering flight,
Nor thus into dust and pollution surrender
Those gem-studded fragments of heaven's
blue splendor.

'Mid golden-spun twilight and rose vapors
born,
Where dallied the breeze with the dew-
drop at morn,
How swift might'st thou beat to the eyelids
of day

The young soul of Song breaking sphere-
ward away!

Or how well might'st thou seem with thy
delicate glory,

The spirit that lives in the breast of a
maiden,

When passion and tears have not troubled
her story,

And the wings of her joy with no fore-
sight are laden!

Begone! O, thou angel of happiest tidings,
To sun-beamy skies, to the isles of the
blest;

The sounds of men's follies are threat'nings
and chidings,

Nor in this busy gloom can'st thou hope
to have rest.

Bright insect! through clamors, and buzz-
ings, and din,

Like a tone of sweet music thou wanderest
in;

Through the mist, and the smoke, and the
wide city's shade,

Like the star of the morning in beauty ar-
rayed,

In the spot of the broad earth most darkened
with wrong,

Thou shedd'st in thy flight, on the paths of
the throng,

The joy that of old made a paradise ours,
When yet thou could'st flutter on cankerless
flowers.

In that Eden, when still the white eyelids
of Eve

Had never been opened to gaze on the
sod,

And that bosom was stirred with its first
gentle heave,

Which none had e'er seen but the seraphs
of God;

Over lips that, unknowing to kiss or to sing,
Had a passionless thrill they could ne'er
feel again,

The newly-born butterfly waved its gay
wing,

And shone round the maiden so innocent
then.

O! away from the sorrowful spot where the
ill

That she sowed upon earth has been multi-
plied still;

Away, O! thou sweetest of God's living
things,

To the nightingale's woods, to the fairies'
green rings,

To the cave of the rock where the dewy
floods well,

In the twilight and cool of their moss-man-
tled cell;

To the cliff that with ridges of pine-wood
looks proud

20 ATHENEUM, VOL. 1, 3d series.

O'er the bright meadow dappled with tints
from the cloud,

Where in shade of the oak-tree the flow'rets
are gushing,

Where the steed in his masterless grandeur
is rushing,

And, while earth's thousand voices around
her are ringing,

The Spirit of Nature is dancing and singing.

Away to the vale where the tendrils of vine
With the limbs of the monarch-like elm-tree
entwine,

To the wild-buds that gleam o'er the lone
forest waters,

To the sands and the shells of some far
Grecian bay,

Trod by the green billows' glittering daugh-
ters,

Warbling to tunes that the soft ripples
play.

O! mount in the breeze as mounts a thought,
Soaring aloft from its daily dust!

Rise like a censor's vapor fraught
With the fragrance of love and grateful
trust!

And, airy butterfly, haste to roam,
And in south or in west seek out thy home.

Yet, O! again a moment stay,
Circling down from thy azure way,
For art thou not indeed to me

The genius of my earlier days,
Of hours from which too fast I flee,
And backward bend a mournful gaze?

Thou art the light and fearless soul
Of my young being, that sweeps along

In gladness, needing not a goal,
And careless of all the care-worn throng,—

That earnest without purpose moves,
And from an inward prompting loves.

Emblem of times when I lay beside
The dim and gurgling river,

And through the leaves that wreathed its
side,

The fountain-fay appeared to glide,
With limbs that glance and quiver!

When if, perchance, thy flitting speed
Darted and wheeled by the grassy shore,

I thought thee a heavenly thing indeed,
And thou gav'st me a throb that I feel no
more.

And, flutterer! could I be e'en now
The happy thing thou art,

No memory to wring my brow,
No hopelessness at heart,

Ah! then how soon would I resign
The storm of useless thought within,

And on those azure wings of thine
Float from this chaos of doubt and sin.

MR. MARTIN'S ENGRAVING OF THE DELUGE.

MR. MARTIN has published an Engraving from his Picture of "the Deluge."—Of all living artists, Mr. Martin appears to attain the sublime with the greatest facility. It springs forth spontaneously, as it were, from the constitution of his mind, and more or less palpably pervades everything he produces. This sublime is not, however, the sublime of passion, exhibited in the workings of a single countenance, or in the countenances of a group : it arises from the simultaneous sufferings of multitudes crowded together by some terrible catastrophe, from a combination of innumerable energies,—from confusion, darkness, and immensity. It may generally, perhaps, be termed the sublime of the material world, in which man, contrasted with the huge masses of rock, gigantic architecture, mountains, torrents, and abysses, by which he is surrounded, appears a miserable pigmy, created to be the sport of the elements, or crushed to dust amid their convulsions. In the present magnificent engraving, all that we have said is literally exemplified : the sun, the moon, the streaming comet, in miraculous conjunction, and half eclipsed by the canopy of vapor now hung densely round the globe, and melting into torrents of rain, glare menacingly upon the earth. In the centre of the picture, directly beneath the light, which breaks down in pale masses through the clouds, are the lofty beetling precipices of Caucasus or Ararat, clothed with wood, and pouring down diminutive cataracts. On the right and left thick darkness broods upon the mountains, except where the forked lightning pierces through it, blasting the rocks, and setting on fire the forests. On the left foreground, the waters, in foaming, tremendous torrents, rush towards the centre, where, upon the brink of precipices, and directly beneath the toppling mountains, the wretched remnant of the human race, including the aged Methuselah, mingled with horses, ele-

phants, and every wild and ferocious animal, act those terrible extravagances which are usually dictated by the last despair ; while far above, beneath the streaming light, the ark is discovered awaiting tranquilly among tufted groves, the rising of the waters, which is to float it over the ruins of the world.

The invention displayed in this print is admirable. Every terrible circumstance that might be supposed to accompany the destruction of a world, is introduced : the multitude, broken into groups and clinging to each other to the last, or crowding together in confusion, as affection or terror predominates, is admirably distributed ; and the savage animals, no longer thirsting for blood, but stricken with instinctive fear, and gazing upwards at the black heavens, are finely imagined, and, as well as the groups of human beings, the torn mountains, and the rushing waters, depicted with prodigious power. The lights and shadows are exquisitely managed, so as to produce an idea of vast depth and distance ; and the effect of the whole is eminently impressive and sublime.—The following poem, from the pen of a very amiable contemporary, was produced by a sight of the picture, which we need not say is inferior to the engraving.

The awful Vision haunts me still,
In thoughts by day, in dreams by night ;
So well had Art's creative skill
There shown its fearless might.

The flood-gates of the foaming deep
By power supreme asunder riven !
The dark, terrific, arching sweep
Of clouds by tempests driven !

The beetling crags, which, on the right,
Menace swift ruin in their fall,
Yet rise on Memory's wistful sight,
And Memory's dreams appal.

The rocky foreground—where await
Man, beast, and bird their fearful doom ;
Wonder, and awe, and love, and hate,
Mute grief, and sterner gloom ;

All passions of the human heart,
In moods the darkest, fiercest known,
Here, by the mastery of Art,
In energy are shown.

All wildest fancy can portray
Of that tremendous scene and hour,
Exerts its own resistless away,
And triumphs in its power.

It is no momentary spell,
Unfelt—when we behold it not :
Its woes on after hours must dwell,
Its fears be unforget.

Yet not of woe or fear alone
It tells a sad and solemn story ;

One object in the wreck is shown
Of love—and grace—and glory !

One gleam—where all beside is dark,
From stern and hopeless horror saves,
Shows where the Heaven-protected ark
The world of waters braves !

To that, amid Creation's doom,
Meek Hope, and holy Faith may cling,
And, in Destruction's darkest gloom,
Of Mercy's triumph sing ! B. BARTON.

THE ANNUALS.

WE are inundated with notices of these forthcoming productions ; all of them possessing claims to public attention, and some of them making extraordinary efforts both in literature and the arts. When we consider the vast cost lavished on these small volumes, which nothing but a very large sale could enable the parties to expend, (from not less than *two* to the amount of perhaps *six* or *eight* thousand pounds and more,) it will appear that they are publications of comparatively the cheapest kind, since the engravings of the least emulous of them would, in any other form, be worth more than the price of the whole work with its contributions from so many distinguished hands. Indeed, but for the use of steel plates, from which thousands of impressions can be taken, it would be impossible to get up such books at such prices. We do not therefore think that the increase of their numbers will have any other effect than that of creating a corresponding increase of demand : the best will, of course, carry off the palm : but we are of opinion that every one that is well conducted will meet with sufficient encouragement. To promote this, we give a list as far as we can.

1. Ackerman's *Forget-me-not*—the first in the field, and one which has hitherto merited and enjoyed a very large circulation.

2. The *Souvenir*, Mr. Alaric Watts's, which set the example, so beneficial to arts and artists, of having the highest style of embellishments in works of this class. This year, if we may judge from the beautiful proofs

lying before us, these efforts have been continued with augmented spirit and success. Most of the engravings are indeed exquisite, and the subjects remarkably well chosen both for appropriateness and variety.

3. The *Amulet*, by Mr. Hall, which takes a more serious tone than its compeers, and has established its character with a very large and influential part of the community.

4. *Friendship's Offering*, is under the direction of another poet of no mean celebrity, Mr. T. Pringle. We have as yet seen nothing of its composition, but expect good things from the talents and assiduity of its editor.

5. The *Pledge of Friendship*, the name of which is altered into *The Gem*, promises to realise its new title, as it is edited by Mr. T. Hood, whose tender as well as sportive muse is competent greatly to enrich any production of this kind. But of this Annual we must also allow we have as yet seen nothing.

6. The *Bijou*, published by Mr. Pickering, and edited, we believe, by Mr. N. H. Nicholas. This is its second year : the first No. had some striking features, which attracted much notice.

7. The *Keepsake*, under the direction of Mr. C. Heath for the arts, and of Mr. F. M. Reynolds for the literature. The beauty of its illustrations last year commanded great applause, and this season even more strenuous exertions have been made to raise it still higher, especially in its literary compositions. We have seen three or four of the plates, which it is impossible to surpass.

8. The Anniversary, with Mr. Sharp in the direction of the fine art department, and Allan Cunningham the editor. Both names are pledges of excellence. One proof, of Sir W. Scott in his study, is shown as an example of the engravings. Scotland has, we hear, furnished many of the literary contributions.

9. The Winter's Wreath resembles the Amulet in some measure, and is, we understand, principally derived from Liverpool, but the contributors are of all quarters, as in the other Annuals, from John o' Groat's House to the Land's End.

10. 11. 12. The Christmas Box, the New Year's Gift, and the Juvenile Forget-me-not, are for children. Among the engravings of the New

Year's Gift will be the Children of the Wood by Miss Dagley; Northcote's Marriage of Prince Richard; a Dancing Girl, from Wood, and other ornaments.

A Musical Annual has also been announced, and we should not wonder to see several other projects of the same kind, peculiarly addressed to different pursuits and orders of society.

The Almanacs, too, have been much improved by this new species of composition, which has in other respects had considerable effects upon the Fine Arts and the floating literature of the country. Moore, Campbell, and Rogers, are almost the only eminent names which have not been begged or bought into the fact of contributing.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

"Serene Philosophy !

She springs aloft, with elevated pride,
Above the tangling mass of low desires,
That bind the fluttering crowd ; and, angel-wing'd,
The heights of Science and of Virtue gains,
Where all is calm and clear."

THE THUMB.

THE thumb is a very important part of the hand, and is, at least, so far as strength is concerned, almost peculiar to man ; for in the hands of apes and lemurs, the thumb is small and feeble, ("altogether ridiculous," as Eustachius, the anatomist, asserted,) and cannot act, as in man, in opposition to the combined force of the fingers. The muscles of the fingers, for the most part, are placed in the fore-arm. The most important muscles of the thumb—those which bend it in opposition to the fingers—could not have been fixed in the arm, as the required motion is across the palm, and not in the line of the arm. These muscles are accordingly placed around the inner ball of the thumb, forming a firm and vigorous assemblage of cords, ready to move the thumb in every useful direction. Their thickness and firmness make up for their want of length. From this it is evident, that man can never, with any show of

plausible argument, be traced to any of the monkey tribes, which have in the course of ages found out the art of turning one of their fingers into the use of a thumb,—a theory which, wild as it is, has been maintained by more than one philosopher.

COMETS.

The two comets, which are soon to appear, excite much interest. According to the calculations of M. Damoiseau, of the French Academy, that, the mean revolution of which is 2460 days, will arrive at the perihelion on the 27th of November, 1832, at thirty-two minutes, twenty-one seconds after eleven : its perturbations may be nine days, fifteen hours, fifty-six minutes, twenty-seven seconds. The comet, the period of which is three years and a third, has a less irregular motion. It re-appeared towards the end of the last summer : on the 11th of November it will reach its shortest distance from the earth ; and towards

the middle of the 10th of January, 1829, it will arrive at the perihelion. It is hoped that the observations on this comet will tend to resolve the important question as to the resistance of the ether to the movements of celestial bodies.

HYPOCHONDRIACS.

In cases of hypochondriasm, the sense of touch is sometimes affected with singular aberrations. One believes himself made of glass or chaff; some think they have no head; others, that they are so light, that they fear the wind will blow them away; another will make oath that he distinctly feels his nose immeasurably long. Some think they perceive odors or sounds agreeable or disagreeable. M. Cabanis tells us, that he knew a man, otherwise very ingenious and rational, who felt himself alternately extended and diminished to infinity, though his other senses were sound, and his judgment correct.

SQUARING THE CIRCLE.

The Dublin Evening Mail affirms, that a boy of thirteen years of age, named James Graham, and residing at Mountcharles, in Donnegal, has demonstrated the famous problem of the quadrature of the circle.

CRY OF THE DEATH'S HEAD MOTH.

The sounds produced by insects, such as the chirping of crickets, the humming of bees, &c., are not produced as in the vertebrated animals, by the mouth, nor even by the aid of the air which is respired, but by some external apparatus designed, it would appear, for that particular purpose. One of the most singular sounds, however, produced by any insect, is that of the death's head moth, (*Acherontia Atropos*), which has been variously explained. We do not find that it is mentioned by Kirby and Spence, though they take notice of the electric-like crack produced by the larva; but M. Passerini, curator of the Museum of Natural History at Florence, has lately investigated the subject anatomically, and not having before his eyes

any fears of a charge of cruelty, he cut away portion after portion of the poor moths, till he traced the origin of the sound to the interior of the head, in which he discovered a cavity at the passage into which muscles are placed for impelling and expelling air, the cause, as he thinks, of the sound in question. M. Dumeril has since discovered a sort of tympanum stretched over this cavity, like, as he says, to the head of a drum, (*tendue comme la peau d'un tambour*).

AURORA BOREALIS.

Though the origin of *Auroræ* is generally ascribed to electricity in a rarified atmosphere, yet the following ingenious hypothesis from a writer in a late number of the "Philosophical Magazine," is worthy of notice:—"It is generally at or near the time of the equinoxes that these lights make their appearance in our latitudes, at which time the sun's rays would be tangents to the poles of the earth, were they not disturbed by the refractive power of the atmosphere. By this refraction, it is obvious that the rays will extend to a certain point beyond the pole, on the side opposite to the sun, when they must of course fall on the immense accumulation of ice within the polar circle, which will be reflected with great brilliancy towards the darkened hemisphere, undergoing in their course another refraction, which bends them still more southward; and as the atmosphere possesses the power of reflecting light, these rays will finally fall back on the earth, and will at a certain angle, and in certain limits, be visible to its inhabitants." We consider this theory to be equally rational with the well-known theory of double refraction and reflection in the formation of the iris, or rainbow.

EFFECT OF MOUNTAINS ON THE ATMOSPHERE.

Mountains precipitate the moisture contained in the air, not so much by attracting it to their summits, as in consequence of their rocky and grassy sides, when acted on by the sun, heat-

ing large masses of air in the cold upper regions of the atmosphere, which, streaming upwards, come in contact with cold currents, moving laterally, or otherwise generate circumstances that will cause precipitation. A small increase of elevation compensates in adding to the quantity of rain for a great distance from the sea. At Geneva, the annual fall of rain is 40 inches; while at Paris, (300 miles nearer the sea,) it is only 19½ inches. In England, it is found that Keswick and Kendal, situated among the mountains, have 67 or 69 inches of rain annually, while places in the level country, and on the sea coast, have only 24 inches. But, although more rain falls in mountainous than in level countries, the depth is greater at the bottom than at

the top of a mountain, and close to the surface of the ground than at a distance from it.

MOUNTAIN ECHO.

Among the glaciers above the village of Maglan are echoes which repeat the same sound a great number of times; and, when once such a sound is produced, it is propagated and repeated from rock to rock, producing a prolonged *réentissement* like that of a trumpet when it is blown loud and long. ("Saussure Voyage dans les Alpes.") Lord Byron talks of such Alpine sounds leaping as if instinct with animation, when

From cliff to cliff
Leaps the live thunder.
Childe Harold.

VARIETIES.

"Come, let us stray
Where Chance or Fancy leads our roving walk."

DR. PARR'S WRITING MATERIALS.

THE beau-ideal of a dandy penman would shrug his shoulders to contemplate Parr's writing apparatus and materials. In that library he could meet with no splendid writing-table, no desk of satin wood inlaid with silver and ivory, no tortoise-shell inkstand with burnished appendages: Parr contemned every thing of the sort. He never wrote upon any kind of desk; he always laid his paper flat on the table; there was no preparation. Upon a long deal table, whose site was between the windows, commonly stood a supply of ragged edged foolscap, and which Parr could convert, with the dexterity of a juggler, into the *pabulum proprium pennæ*. The mode of operation was this:—when he himself was to be the scribe, this foolscap was transferred to the round table which stood in the centre of the room. He would then detach a sheet, pass it neatly and lightly between his lips, divide it, fold up each leaf double, and thus you had in a moment the sheet of foolscap transformed into something like two passa-

ble sheets of pigmy letter paper, with all its roughness preserved. There was no occasion for paper-cutters, or penknives. The inkstand was *en suite*: it was, I think, of tin; but so battered and grim from age and service, that its original composition was doubtful. The stumps it usually contained were sacred to the Doctor's hieroglyphics; few beside could use them. A bundle of pens was mostly thrown down for any other writer's use, and a box of wafers and a wafer-seal, a stick of wax, and Parr's own armorial signet, were at your option.

JOHN MILTON.

Milton's opinions were the result of earnest independent thought, carried on in the depths of his own mind, without heed to the dogmas of any sect, established or recusant. And, as they were not formed from a comparison of the opinions of any sect, so neither can they be pressed into the service of any. Sever and sectarianize them, and you give them another meaning from the meaning which they

had in his mind. It is mean and paltry to say that you use his words. What signify the words? Do you really believe that the men who have strained Scripture to support cruelty and crime, and did not change a letter, but merely took away the feeling and sense of the original, are one whit better than those who thought themselves at liberty to omit and interpolate whenever it suited their convenience?

If it is base to give a false impression of a single passage by wrenching it from its context, how much baser, if rightly considered, is it to give a false impression of a mind like Milton's, in which all the truths interpenetrate and nourish each other, and can no more be divided, without losing their efficacy and virtue, than an artery can be divided from the body, and yet continue to perform its functions. The truth is, that no sect can compel Milton into its wooden walls and mud enclosures. It is not possible that he should be holden of them. They may, if they please, fight around his body; they may tear him limb from limb; and each, having carried some portion of him into its own den, may boast that it possesses Milton; but it is false. The living spirit is not with any of them. He whose sect was the universe, cannot dwell with those whose universe is their sect. While they are endeavoring to make him repeat their Shibboleths, he is joining in the "myriad harpings and seven-fold hallelujahs around the throne of God."

THE FAMILY SUIT.

The son-in-law of a chancery barrister having succeeded to the lucrative practice of the latter, came one morning in breathless ecstasy to inform him that he had succeeded in bringing nearly to its termination, a cause which had been pending in the court of scruples for several years. Instead of obtaining the expected congratulations of the retired veteran of the law, his intelligence was received with indignation. "It was by this suit,"

exclaimed he, "that my father was enabled to provide for me, and to portion your wife, and with the exercise of common prudence it would have furnished you with the means of providing handsomely for your children and grand-children."

DANTE.

When this distinguished poet was in banishment at Verona, he had for his patron Candella Scala, the prince of that country. At his court were several strolling players, one of whom, distinguished for his ribaldry, was much caressed beyond the others. The prince, on one occasion, when this man and Dante were both present, highly extolled the former, and, turning to the poet, said, "I wonder that this foolish fellow should have found out the secret of pleasing us all, and making himself admired; while you, who are a man of great sense, are in little esteem;" to which Dante replied, "You would cease to wonder at this, if you knew how much the conformity of characters is the source of friendship."

CHINESE ALMANACS.

The company of stationers have not in China the honor of gulling the people as they have in England. The good people of the Celestial Empire are annually cheated by the authority of the Emperor himself. Besides astronomical calculations, &c., the Chinese almanacs contain the days and hours divided into lucky and unlucky, by judicial astrology: the time is marked when to let blood; nay, the lucky minute when to ask a favor of the Emperor, to honor the dead, offer sacrifice, marry, build, invite friends, and every thing relating to public or private affairs. These works are in everybody's hand, and are regarded as oracles.

LADIES' DRESSES.

In the time of Henry VIII. the gown, composed of silk or velvet, was shortened or lengthened according to the rank of the wearer. The countess was obliged, by rules of etiquette,

to have a train both behind and before, which she hung upon her arm, or fastened upon her girdle; the baroness, and all under her degree, were prohibited from assuming that badge of distinction. The matron was distinguished from the unmarried woman, by the different mode of her head attire: the hood of the former had been recently superseded by a coif or close bonnet, of which the pictures of Holbein give a representation; while the youthful and the single, with characteristic simplicity, wore the hair braided with knots of ribbon.

THE LAST VERY BAD PUNS.

This being what is called the dull season, it is uncommonly pleasant to mark the effect it has upon the human mind, in producing such abominable puns. The following:—

Why are washer-women, busily engaged, like Adam and Eve in Paradise? Because they are *so-apy* (so happy.)

Why is a widower, going to be married, like Eau de Cologne? Because he is *re-wiving*.

Why is a vine like a soldier? Because it is listed and trained, has *tendrills*, and shoots.

Why is a sailor when at sea, not a sailor? Because he's *a-board*.

Why is a city gentleman, taken poorly in Grosvenor Square, like a recluse? Because he is *sick-westward* (sequestered).

Why is it better for a man to have two losses than one? Because the first is a loss, and the second is *a-gain*.

"If Britannia rules the waves," said a qualmish writing master, going to Margate last week in a storm, "I wish she'd rule 'em *straighter*."

In the Netherlands it is the custom to mix coffee with a little *chicorée*, which is cultivated in the fields; it is an agreeable bitter, and when prepared, sells at four sous per pound. Servants object to their café being too highly saturated with this weed; and when settling for wages, they frequently ask, "*Mais, Madame, combien de chicorée dans le café?*"

SNUFF.

Even among the rudest and poorest of the inhabitants of Scotland, and at a period when their daily meal must have been always scanty, and frequently precarious, one luxury seems to have established itself, which has unaccountably found its way into every part of the world. We mean tobacco. The inhabitants of Scotland, and especially of the Highlands, are notorious for their fondness for snuff; and many were the contrivances by which they formerly reduced the tobacco into powder. Dr. Jamieson, the etymologist, defines a *mill* to be the vulgar name for a snuff-box, one especially of a cylindrical form, or resembling an inverted cone. "No other name," says he, "was formerly in use. The reason assigned for this designation is, that when tobacco was introduced into this country, those who wished to have snuff were wont to toast the leaves before the fire, and then bruise them with a bit of wood in the box; which was therefore called a *mill*, from the snuff being *ground* in it." This, however, is said to be not quite correct; the old snuff-machine being like a nutmeg-grater, which made snuff as often as a pinch was required.

A MOTTO.

A constant frequenter of city feasts having grown enormously fat, it was proposed to write on his back, "*Widened at the expense of the Corporation of London.*"

PARTY RAGE IN THE 15TH CENTURY.

Party rage ran so high in 1403, that an act of parliament was found necessary to declare "Pulling out of eyes and cutting out of tongues to be felony."

HUMAN ENJOYMENTS.

To complain that life has no joys, while there is a single creature whom we can relieve by our bounty, assist by our counsels, or enliven by our presence, is to lament the loss of that which we possess; and is just as rational as to die for thirst with the cup in our hands.

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ZAMOR.

CHAPTER I.

THE air was basking in the noontide among the hills that are traversed by the rapid Erigon. The woody sides of the valleys which opened upon the river, lay slumbering in breezy dimness ; but the sky was blue and bright around the breasts and peaks of the mountains, except where broad white clouds, floating high and swift between them and the sun, varied the landscape by occasional sweeps of shadow. The sparkling and winding water flowed silently along the green bases of the eminences, and its surface was marked by nothing but the differences of color occasioned by the wind and stream, and by the fresh-looking islets of water-plants, or the trunk of a tree rolling down the current, and showing its brown branches, or the white rent of its stem, among the shining ripples. Down one of the glens which descend towards the stream, a boy of thirteen or fourteen years of age was slowly wandering. He was tall, and of a noble presence. His open and up-turned brow was surrounded with careless ringlets of light brown hair, and was shaded by a low cap or bonnet, in which he wore an eagle's feather. His dark-colored kirtle descended to his knee, over trowsers which left the leg exposed above the sandal. A belt of wolf's-skin sustained a short sword, and confined his dress around the waist ; and he led with the left hand, in a twisted chain of gold, a large and powerful dog, while, in his

right, he carried a strong hunting spear, the point of which gleamed like a star above his head. His features were of a regular and spirited beauty ; his quick eye perpetually glanced from the path he was pursuing to the mountains round him and the skies beyond. He proceeded in his devious and negligent course, now sinking into thought, now rushing and leaping over rocks and bushes, while the dog sprang up, and barked, and sported round him, till he reached an irregular and broken wood, which spread, though with many intervals, along the green banks of the river.

The boy threw himself under the shade of an oak, where he had a glimpse of the cool water among the stems of the trees ; and his canine friend couched quietly by his side, now looking up into his face, now rubbing his legs with its nose, and wagging its bushy tail, now closing its eyes, and sinking with a sigh into a tranquil doze. The youth, too, was so still, that he might have been thought to slumber, had not his restless glances indicated a stir within. It was, indeed, a mind not formed for inactivity ; but its present thoughts were rather the overflowing and sport of its vigor, than the application of it to any definite end. He remembered the oracles which had spoken among the ancient oaks of Epirus, till he almost heard the promise of his own greatness sounding from the trees, while they trembled and rustled